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HON. JAMES S. GREEN, U. S. SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.

The Senator from Missouri is another instance of the fact we referred to in our sketch of the biography of Hon. Mr. Grow, that many of the most distinguished men in our nation have worked their way up to high position from the humbler walks of life. Our gallery of portraits and these biographical sketches will be of great aid to young men who almost fear to attempt to climb the hill of difficulty, and will help many to discover how the crop of success follows the seed-time of labor and self-sacrifice.

The subject of this memoir is a fair example of what may be done by plodding, persevering application. He was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, on the 28th of February, 1817, and lived there until he was nineteen years of age, receiving an ordinary education in common English branches. In 1836 he determined to leave Virginia, to seek his education, fortune, and future home in some new community. He first went to Alabama, but remained there only about a year, when he ascended the Mississippi River, and settled permanently in Missouri, in the autumn of 1837. He has ever since been identified with the history of that flourishing State, and, like all her adopted sons, bears the greater love to her for the benefits she has conferred upon him. The first few years of his residence in Missouri were attended with those struggles which so many professional men endure in preparing themselves for their calling. Perhaps few young men have made greater sacrifices, or persevered under more discouragements for an entrance into the legal profession, than did Mr. Green. He was frequently compelled to suspend his studies in order to earn by other labors means to defray his necessary expenses. It required a very resolute will to persevere as he did; but, having set his mark before him, he manfully strove, until in 1840 he was admitted to the bar.

During his probation he had made many friends in Missouri, and he soon obtained a lucrative practice. He confined himself to the duties of his profession during the next four years, and was immersed in legal business, when in 1844 the Democratic party nominated Mr. Polk for the Presidency. As soon as the nomination was announced, Mr. Green, being a presidential elector for Missouri, devoted himself to canvassing that State, and performed a great amount of labor in securing the election of his candidate.

His next important public service was in his active labors in a convention, of which he was a member, for the revision of the Constitution of Missouri. This convention was held in 1845, and was composed of the ablest men of the State. Mr. Green's activity and usefulness won for him so much commendation, that at the next election, in 1846, he was chosen as member of Congress, and took his seat in the House of Representatives for the first time in December, 1847. His congressional career commenced at an important time, during the war with Mexico, and the young member soon became noted for his ardent defense of the President, and the policy of the Administration.

He was re-elected by a large majority in 1848, and served through two Congresses. In January, 1849, he was appointed by the Governor of Missouri to argue, in the Supreme Court, the boundary dispute with Iowa, and made an argument which attracted much notice at the time, and placed him among the leading lawyers of the country.

In 1849 the people of Missouri became very much excited upon political matters, and the Democratic party in that State were much divided. Hon. T. H. Benton, whose demise we recently chronicled, was a candidate for Governor; and Mr. Green's party friends feeling desirous that some one should engage Mr. Benton in debate, chose him as the most fitting person. It required a good deal of courage, as well as skill, to enable any man to contend with the impetuous and overwhelming Benton. But Mr. Green met him in debate, and published a letter reviewing the veteran Senator's political course, and condemning it. Mr. Benton was defeated, and at that time his active political history ceased, although he was afterward candidate for Governor. Owing to the dissensions in the Democratic party, Mr. Green was twice defeated as a candidate for Congress; and in 1853 President Pierce appointed him to be Chargé d'Affaires at Bogota, New Granada, his official grade being afterward raised to that of Minister Resident. The climate of Central America proving injurious to his health, he resigned his position, and returned to Missouri in 1854. Again, in 1856, he was elected to Congress by a large majority, but before the time arrived for him to take his seat he was chosen by the Legislature to represent the State in the Senate of the United States. He is now serving his first senatorial term, and has been very prominently before the country during the present session as the leader of the Administration party, and the champion of the measure for admitting Kansas into the Union as a State under the Lecompton Constitution. Hon. S. A. Douglas, who is chairman of the Senate committee on Territories, finding his views opposed by a majority of the committee, could not, in strict compliance with parliamentary etiquette, present (as it was otherwise his duty to do) the majority report, and that duty devolved upon Mr. Green. He has discharged what he conceived to be his duty with ability and firmness; he has been untiring in his efforts to accomplish his own purpose, and has displayed a great deal of parliamentary skill.

In personal appearance Mr. Green is tall, somewhat spare, but well formed, and apparently fitted to endure great bodily fatigue. When speaking, his voice is full and distinct, free from those defects which characterize so many of our orators; his words flow in a clear unimpassioned stream; every word is uttered so as to be understood; and though he rarely uses notes, his arguments have the logical symmetry that would seem to indicate very careful preparation; his gestures are few, but earnest and appropriate; and he receives the general attention of the Senate. When in repose, his countenance, from anxiety or some other cause, indicates a greater encroachment of age than his years justify. We regret that we can furnish only this bare record of his public life. His public career is comparatively recent, and the speeches from which we should quote to illustrate his gifts have been furnished to our readers in the newspapers of the present winter. His term of service will expire in 1861.

HON. JAMES S. GREEN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

DAILY WORK.

Who lags from dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime;
A soulless slave—
A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheels of time.
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! let us work! We only ask
Reward proportion'd to our task;
We have no quarrel with the great—
No feud with rank—
With mill or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need,
And can retain
For age and pain,
A fraction; we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours,
We know our worth, and weigh our powers:
The more we work the more we win;
Success to trade!
Success to spade!
And to the corn that's coming in!
And joy to him who o'er his task
Remembers toil is nature's plan;
Who, working, thinks,
And never sinks
His independence as a MAN!

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health;
And leisure when his work is done
To read his book,
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun;
Who toils as every man should toil,
For fair reward, erect and free:
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be.

Charles Mackay.

TO THAT SWEET SINGER

OVER THE WAY.

AT last I've seen thee! seen thee with these eyes!
Uncheck'd, my soul has dared to look on thine!
Now, come what may, so much, at least, *is mine*,
Till earthly forms shall fade beyond the skies.
Music henceforth shall seem but Love's fair guise;
Air-drawn enchantment! Vail of the Divine!
Refrains bring no refraining; and Love's shrine
Yields all its joy to true heart-harmonies.
Like the sweet May, "the delicate-footed May,"
Ever with flowers and beauty crowned and led,
Even so thou camest, music-heralded,
"A silken wonder," fresh from *dear* Broadway:
Matchless thy voice, matchless thy bonnet's blue;
I can but hope *thy heart still matchless, too!*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY WITH MURDERERS.

WITHIN the past few days the assassins of the Rue Lepelletier have been signally honored in the two principal cities of the United States. In New York a number of foreigners have marched in procession by way of testifying their respect for their memory in Boston a meeting, large and respectable, has been held, and resolutions passed, enrolling Orsini, Pierri, and Rudio among the holy army of martyrs. There is this difference between the two celebrations: In this city no natives took part in the ceremony. One or two eccentric journals expressed sympathy with the assassins; but this was, probably, a shallow device to attract attention. The heat and burden of the performance fell on the shoulders of distinguished foreigners from Germany, France, Italy, and Ireland, who have graciously condescended to make this country their home. In Boston, on the contrary, natives largely participated in the celebration. William Lloyd Garrison promised to preside; other of the shining lights of New England philosophy imparted the *eclat* of their presence to the assemblage. The Boston commemoration can not be described as the work of mere foreigners.

It is not to be disguised that these transactions will have a weight far beyond the general anticipation. A few years since, when a number of French refugees hired a small steamer, and ran alongside a French frigate—then accidentally lying in the harbor of New York—singing the Marseillaise, and groaning vociferously at the name of "Monsieur Bonaparte," the French Government did not deem it beneath its dignity to make a formal "representation" of the facts to our Minister at France. We must not be surprised if the Orsini demonstrations at New York and Boston elicit still more emphatic marks of disapprobation from the Emperor of the French.

They will reach him at an untoward moment. The acquittal in London of the refugee Bernard, in the teeth of the clearest evidence, will have demonstrated to his understanding that the English people are not disposed to regard his life as very valuable; and the subscription for the children of Orsini, which amounts already, we are told, to a million of francs, and to which persons of the highest rank and respectability in Germany, Italy, and Great Britain are subscribers, must have satisfied him that, in spite of the apparent deference paid to his authority, he is, in reality, an unpopular man. Our little torch-light procession and the Boston meeting will not improve a temper already aggravated by these discoveries.

In truth, however, the people of the United States are not anxious for the overthrow of Louis Napoleon. We are, as a nation, strong believers in the axiom that no people imbued with the sentiment of freedom can be successfully enslaved. In view, therefore, of the palpable slavery of the French, and of the grinding tyranny of the Imperial régime, the people of the United States have come to the conclusion that freedom is not particularly desired by the people of France, and that a despotic form of government suits them best. This conclusion flows naturally from a study of the imbecile theories of the republican politicians, and of the tranquil acquiescence of the French in the arbitrary measures of the Emperor. It may be an erroneous conclusion. The French may be suffering from a temporary paralysis. But we are apt to judge from our own experience; and that guide leads us to hold the subjects of the Emperor responsible for the monstrosities of the Imperial régime.

Our private concern with France is purely commercial. In a commercial point of view, the Imperial Government is neither more nor less advantageous to us than the governments of the Republic and the monarchy were. It is—for the time—a stable government. So long as it lasts, the French will consume and pay for so much cotton, and we shall be enabled to procure so much silk and other manufactures at a fair price. If it were overthrown, the French demand for our cotton would probably cease, and the goods we need from France might cost us more. Commercially speaking, therefore, we are interested in the stability of the empire. And we are too practical a people for an opposite motive—such as the wish for the spread of democratic doctrines—to exercise any palpable influence over our actions or even our minds.

PROSPECTS OF CHEAP FOOD.

So far as returns have come in, the prospect of the crops throughout this country is favorable. The weather has been singularly propitious, and unless some untoward drought or deluge should intervene between this and harvest-time, we may look forward to even a more abundant crop than that of last year. The breadth of land sown is quite unprecedented.

Similar reports are to be found in the foreign journals in reference to the crops in Great Britain and France. It is too early as yet to form any thing like a reliable opinion; but thus far the indications are favorable, and the dealers and farmers, both French and English, seem to have made up their minds to more than an average crop. Should these anticipations be realized, the world is about to eat cheaper bread than has been its portion for many years past. At present prices in this city, flour hardly pays the cost of growing it and sending it to market. Should the European crops prove bountiful, there will be but a slight demand for American breadstuffs in England. Our millers have, by carelessness, dishonesty, and want of skill, allowed the French to obtain a decided preference over them in the English markets. Thus the prospect is, that, besides the large quantity of last year's grain which must come forward this spring, we may have, as the summer advances, an immense new crop which will have to be thrown on the already fully supplied market.

This is bad news for the farmer, but glorious prospects for the mechanic. Flour at three dollars a barrel was set down as impossible after the discovery of California; but we may live to see it, and that without reaching a very surprising old age.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

NEW YORK with thirty-six millions of specie, other United States centres with thirty more, London with ninety odd, Paris with seventy-five; such is the financial return which the bank reports present. It may well be said to be unprecedented. No such spectacle of masses of unemployed bullion has ever been witnessed before in our day.

The cause is obvious; so is the effect. When the revulsion of last fall overtook the commercial world, that world was rushing headlong in a race of enterprise and speculation. Taking this country as an example, there never was a period at which more speculative enterprises were on foot, or at which the staple trades of the country were more adventurously prosecuted. It happened at the time that both our leading products—corn and cotton—were abundant, and that the demand for them abroad was highly remunerative. The year 1857 will long be remembered by farmers and planters as a year in which they were richly repaid for their labor. As a natural consequence, our capacity to consume seemed to increase with our faculty of production; the more we sold the more we bought; and whereas the extraordinary amount of our exports, and the high price they commanded, ought to have thrown the balance of trade in our favor, our extravagant consumption of foreign goods just turned the scale against us. It was in the midst of this fever of speculation and commerce that the ill-judged expansion of the banks and the wild speculation in railway securities brought about the crisis which shook the commercial and financial world last autumn. It is now distant enough to judge it clearly; we can see—as plain as noonday—that it was the product of human folly, and that it might have been averted had the managers of our financial interests displayed sagacity and prudence.

The revulsion came. It broke two per cent. of the trading firms throughout the country, and weakened the remainder. Of the ninety-eight per cent. of our commercial houses which did not suspend, a very large proportion, indeed, just saved themselves by the sacrifice of all they had, and nothing more. All lost something; some only a year or two's profits, others their entire capital. Hence, at the present time, a general incapacity and unwillingness to enter into new commercial operations. Those old firms which went through the crisis without failure have neither the means nor the will to embark in new adventures. The others are forcedly tranquil. The country merchants have not paid what they owe, having been unable to collect their debts from the farmers; they, therefore, are slow to contract new ones.

Hence the accumulation of specie at the financial centres. Men who were in the habit of carrying about with them and circulating in their business a hundred dollars in specie, now find that ten will amply satisfy their necessities; the balance they lodge in bank. New York, as the healthiest part of the country, commercially speaking, recovers the first; the exchanges turn in her favor, and specie accumulates in her vaults. Where we did, last year, a trade to the extent of a hundred dollars, we are now content with a trade of ten; the other ninety lies for safety in some well-administered bank.

What is to be the consequence of this? Evidently a sudden, and, we fervently hope, a healthy recovery. The very existence and weekly announcement of the immense specie reserve in the banks are going to stimulate enterprise. Last week the offerings for discount at some of the banks hardly left margin enough for profit to pay expenses of rent and clerk hire. What can be expected but that the banks will themselves take every means of stimulating speculation, in order to earn dividends? Every calm precedes a storm; every action involves a consequent reaction. As certainly as the undue speculation and excessive enterprise of the spring of 1857 involved the revulsion of the fall of that year, so the stagnation and quiet of the present time are certain to give birth, sooner or later, to a period of excitement and inflation corresponding to the material which the bank returns now exhibit.

THE RATIFICATION OF THE YRISSARI TREATY.

WE have intelligence from Nicaragua that the Yrissari treaty has been ratified, and that the transit route from ocean to ocean has been definitely placed under the protection of the United States. Protection, in such an application as this, implies military occupation. The transit route from Greytown to San Juan del Sur—or wherever the Pacific terminus of the route may be located—can only be efficiently protected by United States soldiers fully armed and equipped for a campaign. Nor can that protection be temporary or ephemeral. If the protection is to amount to any thing, the troops must be permanently stationed along the transit line, otherwise they are worse than useless. We feel, therefore, justified in translating the word "protection" by that of military occupation. By the Yrissari treaty the United States have taken the State of Nicaragua under a military protectorate; just as England and France did with regard to Greece, as France did with regard to Rome, as the two powers did with regard to Turkey.

The act is, of course, in contravention of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. That ill-advised convention, in the making of which poor Mr. Clayton was sadly overreached by the more astute English diplomatist with whom he had to deal, debarred both nations from conquest, occupation, or colonization within the limits of the ancient kingdom of Guatemala. It was a gain on the part of England, as that power was very unlikely to need to acquire territory or to possess interests in Central America; it was a piece of ridiculous folly on the part of the United States, as the control of a safe interoceanic transit route was absolutely indispensable to the safety of their Pacific possessions: such as it was, however, it was a convention duly ratified, and seemingly indissoluble save by mutual consent. The United States have now, as we see, practically broken the bargain by establishing a military protectorate over the only important portion of Nicaragua.

It remains to be seen whether any diplomatic troubles will grow out of the act. The prevailing opinion seems to be, that a change has come over the spirit of British policy in America within the past few years; and that England will not complain of our securing to the commerce of the world a safe, speedy, and available interoceanic route. It is said by friends of the new project—the Honduras railway scheme—which we illustrated in No. 64 of this journal, that Great Britain and France have made arrangements with the independent republic of Honduras by which they obtain a military protectorate of that route. If this be so, of course they would have no ground for complaint at our operations in Nicaragua; though it would remain to be seen whether the interests of the United States were compatible with the location of European troops in any Central American State.

The practical result of the ratification of the treaty is the probable reopening of the Transit Route through Nicaragua. This will be hailed as a boon by all who have business with the Pacific States. Despite the disgust which has been aroused by the trickeries and frauds which have marked the contest of the "steamboat commodores" for the right of way across Central America, there exists a very strong desire among the public for the opening of a rival to the Aspinwall and Panama line; and if this Yrissari treaty leads to the establishment of such a rival route, it will not have been a diplomatic bubble.

ROGERS'S MARINE SIGNALS.

A BILL is pending before Congress to oblige ship-owners to provide their ships with a set of signals invented by a Mr. Rogers, of Baltimore, likewise with a book to be renewed annually, explanatory of these signals. The principle which underlies the bill is quite plain. It is very desirable that all vessels sailing out of United States ports should be able to recognize each other and to communicate by means of signals. This is not now possible for want of a code of uniform signals. Mr. Rogers proposes to supply the deficiency. He goes further, and contemplates the adoption of his system by the Governments of England, France, and other maritime nations. If his scheme could be adopted, and a signal designated for every ship afloat, and every ordinary communication from vessel to vessel, the interests of commerce and navigation would be clearly benefited.

But has Congress authority to tax the entire shipping interest for the benefit of Mr. Rogers? Who is Mr. Rogers that he should pretend to a monopoly of marine signals? Suppose somebody should invent a new system of rigging, would Congress be authorized to make its adoption compulsory on ship-owners, even if it were a decided improvement on the old systems? The principle of our legislation—which is opposed to the principle of European laws—does not contemplate the education, or, as the French call it, the tutorship of the people. Our government leaves the citizen to find out for himself what is best.

If Rogers's system is the best that can be devised—and it may be—Congress may recommend it for general adoption; but we very much question whether a law making its adoption compulsory on ship-owners would be held to be constitutional. Mr. Rogers has gone the wrong way to work, and we are not surprised that the Boston ship-owners have already protested against his pretensions.

THE COST OF ROYAL GOVERNMENTS.

WE are fond enough of grumbling at the cost of our Government; it is wholesome, once in a way, to glance at the sums which royal governments cost our neighbors across the water. We note, for instance, that the new budget, which the English Chancellor of the Exchequer has presented to the House of Commons, contemplates an expenditure for one year, of no less a sum than $335,000,000; and this, we are told, was regarded as so favorable a statement that the funds rose as soon as it was announced.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to allude to the private expenses of monarchs, as they may be defrayed out of their private revenues; but as an illustration of the lavish expenditures of courts, we can not refrain from copying the following description of the *trousseau* of the lady who is about to marry the King of Portugal. We copy from the Paris correspondence of the *Times*:

> "The bridal gifts offered by the young and gallant King Don Pedro to his future Queen will cost, independent of the jewelry, 638,000 francs. Here is a list of the articles, for the perusal of the ladies: Seven Cashmere shawls, five of primitive colors and two mixed, one Oriental; one of them, the red, embroidered in gold, at 22,000 francs; three Indian shawls, white, black, and blue, at 10,000 francs each; three French, yellow, mixed, green and scarlet, 3000 francs each. There are four garnitures of lace flounces, as follows: One of Brussels, at 55,000 francs; one of old Venetian guipure, at 15,000; one of Alençon, at 11,000; and a black one of Chantilly, at 3000 francs. The silk robes number thirty-six. Besides these, there are six velvet robes, and six in embroidered muslin of tulle or crape. There are three sets of furs complete; the one of sable costing 18,000 francs—the muff alone 3500 francs. There are pocket-handkerchiefs from 300 to 3000 francs each—the former by dozens. There are a hundred dozen pairs of gloves, six dozen pairs of stockings, and the et ceteras in proportion. There are four Amazon dresses. The riding-whip is a model of beauty; the head is formed of a large pearl of a bizarre cut, which enters into the combination of a centaur on the gallop. Magnificent bed-curtains, marked with the arms of the two families, form a part of the sumptuous *trousseau*."

Wonder how much Mrs. Buchanan's *trousseau* would cost, if such a lady should ever exist.

PERIM, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

ABOUT a year ago we published in this journal an article reflecting upon the annexation, or rather the seizure, of the island of Perim by the British East India Company. The article was prompted by some ill-natured suggestions of the London press in reference to our operations in Central America. The point was taken that, so long as England continued to appropriate, recklessly, every spot of land which her interests required, it was ungracious in her to reprimand the United States for taking ordinary precautions for the protection of the route between their Atlantic and Pacific territories.

Quite recently the British occupation has acquired a new importance. The French and Russian Governments are said to have combined in the opinion that the seizure of that island was a menace to all the European powers having interests in Asia, and a positive infraction of the Treaty of Paris. Perim, which is a barren rock, lying in the mouth of the Bab-el-Mandeb Straits, and is only visited once a year by certain Arab fishermen for the sake of catching turtles, happens, by its position, to command the Red Sea. Were it adequately fortified it could be made impregnable, and its owner would be the master of the shortest route between Europe and India and China. The Governments of Russia and France, as it seems, complain that England has stolen a march upon them by seizing this important strategical point, and propose to refer the matter to the Powers which signed the Treaty of Paris.

To all this Great Britain replies, through the *Times*, that no European Power has any interest either in Egypt or in Asia which can be compared to England's, and, therefore, that En-

gland can not be expected to share with any of them the incidental benefits of her commanding position in those regions. She adds that, as the occupation of Perim can, at best, only provoke representations either from the Sultan of Turkey or the Imaum of Muscat, neither France nor Russia can, for a moment, be suffered to discuss the question with England, as they are total strangers to the controversy.

Thus the quarrel stands, and thus it will stand until the new Embassador to England, the Duke of Malakoff, delivers the messages with which he is said to be freighted. So far as precedent is concerned, it would seem that the ground taken by England is untenable. France has quite as much right to interfere, in opposition to the monopoly by England of the overland route to India, as England had to oppose the acquisition by Russia of certain Danubian provinces of Turkey, or as the same Power has to interfere with our regulation of the Transit questions with the Central American Powers. If no nation is entitled to interfere in the private disputes of two of its neighbors, then the whole policy of Great Britain for the past century has been erroneous, and should be atoned for. If, on the contrary, Great Britain has been right in meddling with every acquisition of territory made by every first-class nation during the past century, then France and Russia are justified in demanding explanations about Perim.

Practically, Perim had far better be in the hands of the English than elsewhere. For half a century, at least—perhaps since the deluge—it has been an uninhabited, bleak, barren rock, with no inhabitants but turtles, serpents, and birds of prey. If England occupies it, it will become a useful and important coaling-station for the steam-commerce of the Red Sea. It will become a good stand-point for the cruisers, whose business it is to suppress the piracy which is carried on under shelter of the dominions of the Imaum of Muscat. It will be, in a word, as useful a spot to the commerce of the world as Panama or Aspinwall would become if they belonged to the United States. We shall see whether its destiny is of this character or not.

THE LOUNGER.

PICTURES AGAIN.

MR. GIFFORD is among those who exhibit better pictures in the Academy this year than usual. No. 460, *Lake Nemi*, is a lovely recollection of one of the loveliest landscapes in Italy. It is full of tenderness and tranquillity, and entirely Italian in its sentiment and impression. One would not soon tire of watching it; and its beauty would steal in unobtrusively upon every mood. There is always in a painting very much more than the mere subject, however skillfully treated. Incidents of life and views of places may be often so rendered as to command our admiration, but we presently exhaust them; we drink the sweet draught, and nothing remains. Hence it was said by a wise man that we can never see a picture but once. Yet there is a power of self-renewal in a really fine work of art. It has the perpetual freshness of Nature. We are never tired of a really beautiful landscape before the window; and no artist has truly painted a great work who has not so treated it that our interest constantly recurs in the contemplation of it. In Mr. Gifford's pictures this year there is a general similarity of color and tone. But his works are thoughtful and careful, and well worthy attention.

The same is true of Mr. Tait, whose sporting scenes are familiar and prized, but whose pictures are peculiarly interesting this season. No. 59, *At Home*, is a poem. It represents a buck and doe lying in the sweet security of grass, with one fawn near them, and another, exquisitely dappled, browsing at a little distance. It has been suggested that it is hardly true to the fact of natural history to represent the deer father and mother in such an attitude of family repose, for the does and bucks herd separately by themselves. But a painter whose speciality is animals, would surely commit no such impropriety without some good reason for it. Mr. Hays's *Scotch Terrier*, No. 39, is also capital.

In No. 13, *West Canada Creek, Trenton Falls*, Mr. Hicks has painted a portrait different from the ones he usually gives us. It is a wonderful piece of clear, daylight effect, with an admirable water perspective; entirely characteristic of the Trenton ravine. The bright, cheerful, American aspect is striking. Soft and beautiful, too, is Mr. Casilear's *Lake George*, No. 549—equally truthful and characteristic. But while Mr. Hicks's picture seems, so to say, too small for his style, Mr. Casilear's seems too large for his. Mr. Hicks's power is in portraiture of character; Mr. Casilear's in exquisitely delicate, vignette-like sketching. He is like a singer of rural songs, not such as bumpkins shout, but those that poets carol in Arcadia. A dreamy tranquillity of atmosphere, with delicate-hued hills, a thoughtful spire, a gleaming brook—beauty in repose and in detail—these are the subjects in whose delineation Mr. Casilear is so eminently successful.

Mr. W. S. Mount and Mr. F. W. Edmonds exhibit some of their character-pieces. Mr. Mount's "*Any Fish to-day?*" No. 536, is in his best vein, and Mr. Edmonds's *Wind-Mill*, No. 232, is as good as usual. In this kind of painting—humorous and characteristic incident—Mr. Blauvelt's *Warming up*, No. 219, is admirable. It represents a shanty interior—stage-office, groggery, and tavern—with the coachman taking his bitters and the half-frozen passengers warming themselves at a stove. It is thoughtfully elaborated, and has a great deal of humor. But this style requires very great care and talent. It easily degenerates into exaggeration and caricature, and Mr. Blauvelt's success is therefore the more commendable.

And in this style No. 590, "*Ars celare Artem*," by Mr. Ehninger, is unquestionably the best in the gallery. It is an old story capitally told. In the artist's quaintly-furnished room, while the dragon-papa is closely scrutinizing a picture, sitting comfortably with his back to the young people, the artist himself is gracefully bending over the hand of the fair young daughter. *Why* he is bending—what he is doing—the old gentleman may discover if he can. He admires greatly the art of the picture—perhaps the young woman does not frown upon the art of the painter.

Another week the Lounger will walk farther and talk more among the pictures.

CASTING PEARLS BEFORE ——.

"MY DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I came to town with my husband on Wednesday evening to enjoy such a fifty cents' worth as was never given before in any country. Musard's orchestra was to play, under the masterly conduct of Anschütz, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, and the overtures to *King Stephen* and the *Namensfeyer* — never before heard in this country — while Thalberg was to play in a Beethoven concerto for the piano, and Vieuxtemps in another for the violin; and, finally, Musard was to direct polkas, quadrilles, waltzes, and the grand Slambang Galop.

"Now I am not going to complain that people don't like Beethoven's music, nor that such music, with the greatest pianist and the greatest violinist in the world, did not cram the Opera-house; but I *am* going to complain, as loud as you will let me, that people who *do* like such music, and who came far to hear it, were not allowed to hear it by those who do *not* like it, and who had lounged in from some neighboring street. We sat in the balcony; and such scuffling, talking, rustling, tapping, beating time inanely with the feet, and general indifference and indecorous riot, I have never before encountered under similar circumstances.

"Why will not Mr. Napoleon Ullman, as you call him, reserve a few seats in the lower part of the parquette especially for *those who want to hear the music?* You have had a good deal to say about the *Hog* family in cars, but do they never go to the Academy? Are you willing to believe that the person (of what *sex* I forbear, in self-respect, to say) who sat just behind me, and thumped, and banged, and battered through the whole performance, was not a ——? Do you not agree with me that to play *such* music for *such* people was to throw pearls before ——?

"*I* think so, at any rate, and so, you may be sure, does every real lover of music. Please to print this letter for their sakes, and for the love you ought to bear to such human benefactors as the great composers.

"Yours respectfully,

"URANIA RUS."

—The letter of the Lounger's correspondent commends itself to the good sense of every body. He leaves it with but one word: If you, kind reader, who go to concerts, and who care nothing about music, and therefore talk as if you were at a ball, would only reflect that your neighbor, who is very silent and attentively listening, is probably really anxious to hear the music, would you not willingly forego the pleasure of saying nothing to John or Jane, who sits at your elbow, in order that the listener may hear something? If you don't think of it, it is only carelessness, and you can easily correct it. If you do think of it, and don't care—why, to what branch of the Hog family do you belong?

THE ACADEMY OF DISCORD.

MR. NAPOLEON ULLMAN requires a great deal of attention from all the lounging penny-a-liners in town. We have to keep him in full view in order to apprise the public of his varying performances. He has been lately surprising us all by his daring act of management, by which to keep people out and get them in at the same time. As a director of public amusements, he is naturally very anxious that people should come to his theatre; consequently, whoever incites them not to come is an enemy, and must be vanquished.

The principle that "newspaper people" who write about amusements must praise them, or not be admitted, is a dangerous one; for when it is put into practice the public instantly suspects that there was an attempt to make it see or hear something that was not worth seeing or hearing. But it would also seem that a manager has the same rights as other merchants. If Mr. Stewart, who keeps open shop, may decline to sell Mr. Smith a cravat at any price—and who can question his right to refuse—why may not Mr. Napoleon Ullman decline to sell the hearing of a concert at any price to any customer? It may be poor policy, but he must be the judge of that.

Of course, when the reason for refusal is that a notice of the performance was written which displeased the manager, by excluding the writer the manager has harmed himself more than fifty adverse writers could harm him. But still, if he chooses to import Messrs. Thalberg, Vieuxtemps, Formes, and Musard, and light up the Academy for them to play in for his own sole gratification, who has the right to take the law of him so long as he pays his bills? It may prove to be an expensive amusement. But may not managers be eccentric?

DR. MACKAY GOING HOME.

IN Toronto Dr. Mackay had success and a public dinner. Members of Parliament and others attended—the fact was telegraphed—and every body was satisfied. Nobody, certainly, was more satisfied than many a Lounger here and there, who did not know Dr. Mackay, who had never seen him, and who had watched with some regret his career in this country.

The truth is, that a great many foreign notabilities, seeing the success of other notabilities in this country, think they have only to come hither to reap the same harvest of applause. Especially if they have reason to believe themselves popular, they have natural hopes of which the disappointment must be very bitter.

There was the great Tupper—illustrious bard!—who measured off sentimental rhetoric by the yard, called it Proverbial Philosophy, and beheld the enthusiastic American public devour thirty or more editions in beautiful bindings, thinking it to be poetry—or something. Imitating the example of Mr. Dickens, Mr. Tupper naturally crossed the sea to receive the homage of his transatlantic subjects. He arrived in the lower bay, and threw up two sonnets like rockets toward the city. The moment he touched the land he planted his batteries and poured in a merciless broadside of verses and speeches, until his transatlantic subjects were willing to let him depart, and it is owing to his visit that Proverbial Philosophy is now Proverbial nonsense.

It is not surprising that Dr. Mackay should suppose that laurels were growing for him also in America. But he came at an unfortunate season; at a moment when every body was failing and apprehensive; at a season when every kind of public amusement had lost its usual prestige, and when the interest in ballad poetry was even less than usual. Besides this, his personal reputation was not imposing. The song "A good time coming" was well known, and the refrain was a proverb; but the name of the author was not familiar, and there were no particular associations with the name of Charles Mackay.

The consequence was that his visit was not very satisfactory. People did not throng to hear his really excellent lectures upon poetry and poets. The lectures themselves were too quiet for our lecture-taste. They were simple, sensible essays, but we understand by a lecture something different from that. He spoke in a simple, sensible English way, but the Reverend Spurgeon is the man for our money. If he had English good sense he understood the state of the case, and was not troubled. If he had not, there is reason to fear that he did not find Yankee land very lovely.

But in his foreign-native soil of Canada he found a hearty welcome, large audiences, a public dinner, and a serenade. Let us wish him, most sincerely, a prosperous homeward voyage, and hope that his last transatlantic days, and not his first, may color his remembrance of America.

SPRING FASHIONS.

MR. EDWARD COOPER, the new Street Commissioner, has introduced a new style, charming in itself and fascinating from its entire novelty. It will put altogether a new appearance upon our streets, and may make the city positively attractive. The captivating originality of the new fashion consists in the appointment to office of men who are capable of doing the duty of the offices! It is a thing without municipal precedent in the memories of men now living. To what it may lead, who will venture to predict? Who can say that it may not be the beginning of yet greater changes? Will the universal corruption of city politics be safe, in the event of the spreading of such a spirit? May not contracts be given out to the lowest bidders, if this sort of thing is to prevail? May not intelligence and decency gradually make their way into the City Hall? May not the civic government cease to be a by-word and jeer in the mouths of all decent men? Nay, if honesty and capability are to be considered indispensable requisites for municipal offices, have we any guarantee that the city tax will not be frightfully reduced? Is there not danger that, if the Mayor continues his career, it will turn out, as was prophesied, that Tiemann is Theman?

MONSIEUR L'AMBASSADEUR.

WHEN Rubens was Embassador in England some friends came one day into his studio while he was painting, and after complimenting him, said,

"Monsieur the Embassador plays the painter."

"No, gentlemen," replied Rubens, "Monsieur the painter plays the Embassador."

So might the tough old Duke of Malakoff say (whose portrait was in the *Weekly* of last week), although in another sense. He has crossed over to England as French Minister, surrounded by some of his trusty Crimean officers, and with a hundred thousand dollars a year to spend. But he and each one of his attendants bring with them, in addition, two eyes and one mind apiece, and they can do a great deal of quiet seeing and thinking as they go up and down the land, to the towns on the coast, etc., etc. A false friend is the most dangerous enemy, because you throw your arms wide open to embrace a friend, and the action entirely exposes your breast.

That last observation is a general truism. The Duke of Malakoff may be, in his heart of hearts, the most faithful friend of England. But how interesting, at a moment when the apparently amicable relations of France and England have been almost destroyed, and England is trying persons charged with attempting to murder the French Emperor — how interesting to behold the chief general in the Imperial army, attended by a staff of other generals, land in *perfide Albion!*

VERY HOT, INDEED!

IT seems difficult to say why a nobleman, because he owns a large telescope, should be supposed capable of seeing farther into a millstone than other people. But there is a great popular faith in telescopes, and a still greater faith in noblemen; so that all the papers in England and America published a statement that Earl Rosse, the proprietor of the famous heavenly spy-glass, had predicted a very hot summer, and advised people to prepare to stall-feed their cattle. Consequently, "many gentlemen" had made such arrangements before they had the satisfaction of reading a note from Lord Rosse, in which he says that, observing "his name is associated with [illegible] conjectures as to the approaching season, he begs to say that he has never expressed any opinion on the subject."

What, of course, even had he uttered them, could they be more than conjectures? It only shows that an E. M. is a necessity of modern society. And why do we not hear from that sage? Might not he and Lord Rosse together venture to exhort us to look out for green peas in May, accompanied—under favoring pecuniary circumstances—with salmon?

A WOMAN UPON WOMEN.

MISS MULOCK, the author of "John Halifax," one of the best and most popular of recent novels, has just written a little book, *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*, which is sure to please almost as many readers as "John Halifax." It is not a "Woman's rights" book, in the sense of the general use of that term. It is a very different performance from Mary Wolstencraft's, on the one hand, and from such young-lady-pattern-mongers as Miss Austen and the earlier women-novelists, on the other. It is, in fact, a simple, healthful, sprightly, and very entertaining and intelligent discussion of the condition of women who are more or less well-to-do, with a careful chapter upon servants, which every sensible serving-woman would help herself by reading.

Miss Mulock's theory of the question is that women are to take care of the house; and if (as has been known sometimes to happen) they have no house to take care of, then they are to be kind, and patient, and full of good works. They are not to waste their time, nor be extravagant, nor frivolous, nor think it "lady-like" to be incompetent and imbecile, nor spoil their children, nor exasperate their husbands, nor wish to vote, or practice any profession, nor be thoughtless of their dependents, nor selfish in any way; in short, Miss Mulock accepts "the sphere of women" as it is generally understood, and wants them to make the best of it.

Her suggestions are no less valuable in this country than in England, although the book was written with especial reference to the state of English society. Any one who had thought very earnestly upon the subject, however, would hardly be satisfied either with her premises or conclusions. But every one must hail with hearty welcome a word spoken so clearly and strongly—if not very profoundly—for "Heaven's last best gift to man."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—MR. BEN LOPER is a poet whose legs appear to sympathize, in an unpleasant manner, with the season. He declares that

"Though ten thousand poets rise
To praise the name of spring,
There's jaundice in my mind and legs,
And that's all I can sing."

And he incontinently *does* sing it in many stanzas such as these:

"'The flowers!' The first I set my eye on
Is the yellow dandelion,
But 'tis sweeter than sweet candies,
If 'twill cure the jaundice!

"Though birds get mated and get animated,
I shall not fall in love while thus I'm fated—
Such lifeless legs and body sickly,
Would fall into a ditch more likely!

"What cares man for melodious strains
Among the limbs, when he complains
Of strains in his own limbs abundant,
And, perhaps, somewhat redundant?

"As long as I am sick, I sha'n't
The same time be a sycophant.
Old Winter is more mild than Spring is—
He relieves me of the jaundice."

Mr. Ben Loper has one consolation—that his jaundice can not be better—or worse, than his poetry.

—THE SEAMSTRESS is a poem not so good, but of the same kind as Hood's Song of the Shirt. The Lounger believes that his readers would thank him more for reprinting that, than for giving them what must necessarily suggest it. Does not the author agree?

—TOMBSTONE wishes to know the name of the author of an article in an old number of *Harper's Magazine*. Does he not reflect that if the names of authors are not published, it is because they themselves wish them to remain unknown?

—ELEANOR T., being evidently a woman, has a woman's natural curiosity, and inquires:

"What is the reason, pray tell me, dear Lounger, that the newspapers which are so eloquent upon the subject of a woman's duty to her husband, never mention the possibility of deficiency on the part of the husband? Is it because the men have taken all the rights, and assigned to woman—'lovely *woo*man'—all the duties? Reading these newspaper admonitions, one would suppose a woman to be an article kept for ornament and to enliven and adorn the leisure moments of man, instead of her being, as she nearly always is, the sharer of his burdens (besides bearing a great many of her own which he can not share). What right has a husband to expect always a smiling face, when his poverty requires of his wife the performance at once of the services of cook, washer and ironer, and housekeeper, 'of the peculiar duties of a mother,' the handicraft of tailor, dressmaker, and seamstress in general. Add to this her compliance 'with the requirements of social life,' and her *rôle* of actress—for must not a woman be somewhat of an actress when she is called upon suddenly to exchange her kitchen-attire and brow of care for company-dress and company-smiles?"

Eleanor T. also proposes that young men and women be set up in housekeeping before they are allowed to be engaged; that the young woman shall wash and mend and dust, and that a new-born infant be procured from the hospital, and that she have the charge of him in addition to the rest of her duties. She is of opinion that this process would "disenchant" the young couple! Cruel, cruel Eleanor T.! Suppose every young couple in the world were thus previously "disenchanted!"

THE FINAL CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW.

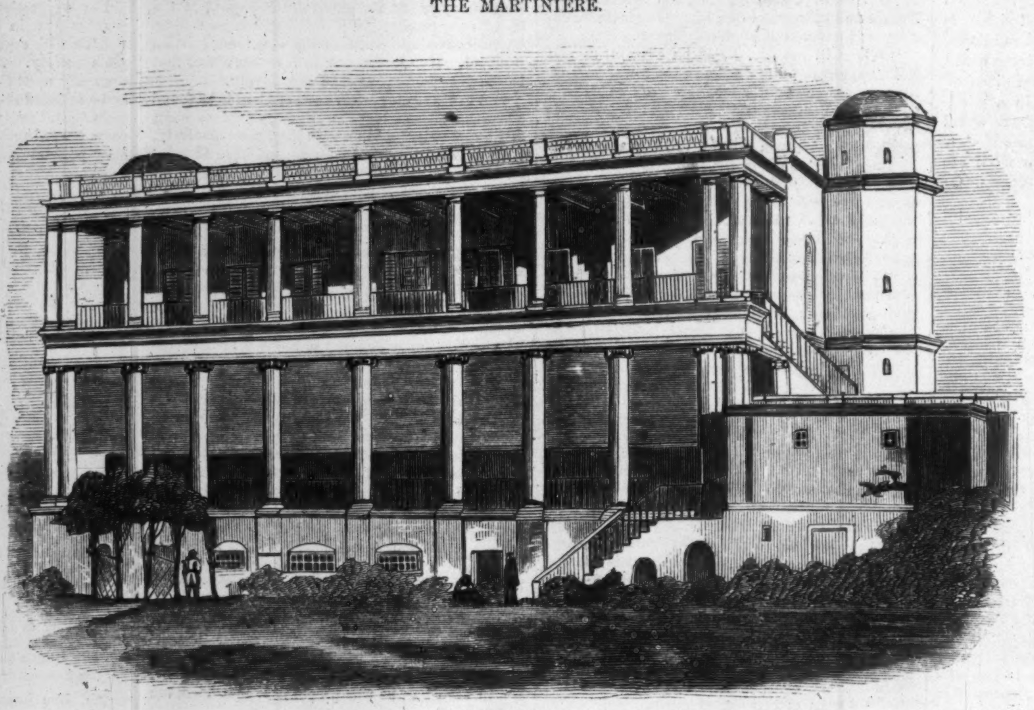
FOR the third time since the Indian war broke out Lucknow has become a centre of interest. In No. 54 of this journal we presented the reader with three views of conspicuous parts of the city, designed to illustrate the relief of the Residency by the famous Havelock. We now give four pictures, two of them representing general views of the city, another the Residency, which was defended at such cost by the gallant garrison under Inglis, and another, the Martinière College, which was one of the chief points of resistance in the late attack. We also subjoin a plan of the city, which will be of peculiar interest to the students of Sir Colin Campbell's attack; and in this connection we recommend our readers to study the news which is given on page 295.

We may recapitulate here the principal facts in relation to Lucknow. It is a large city—one of the largest in Northern India—on the Goomtee, a considerable confluent of the Ganges. About a century since it became the capital of the kingdom of Oude, and continued to be the seat of Government until the East India Company annexed Oude to their dominions. Its population is variously estimated at from two to three hundred thousand souls. The city, which covers more ground than its population warrants, consists of equal parts of palaces and hovels. Some of the finest residences in India—with parks, ponds, summer and winter houses, and even menageries—are in the heart of the city of Lucknow. The palace of the Begum, the British Residency, and several other edifices, are cities in themselves. But beside these there are streets in Lucknow as narrow as any in Genoa or Florence, and built up on either side with the meanest and cheapest kind of buildings. Squalid poverty and luxurious ease repose side by side, as is usually the case in countries where democracy is unknown.

The heat of the summer is so intense at Lucknow that most of the houses have a large underground apartment, where the women, and not unfrequently the men, seek shelter from the noonday sun. Like Delhi, it is exposed to severe winds, like the breath of a furnace, and bearing with them clouds of heated dust. When these winds blow the only tolerable spot is the underground chamber. For several months of the year the gay ladies of the dissipated King's harem resided almost entirely in these luxurious retreats.

These peculiarities of the construction of the city will explain many features of the military operations of which Lucknow has been the theatre. For instance,

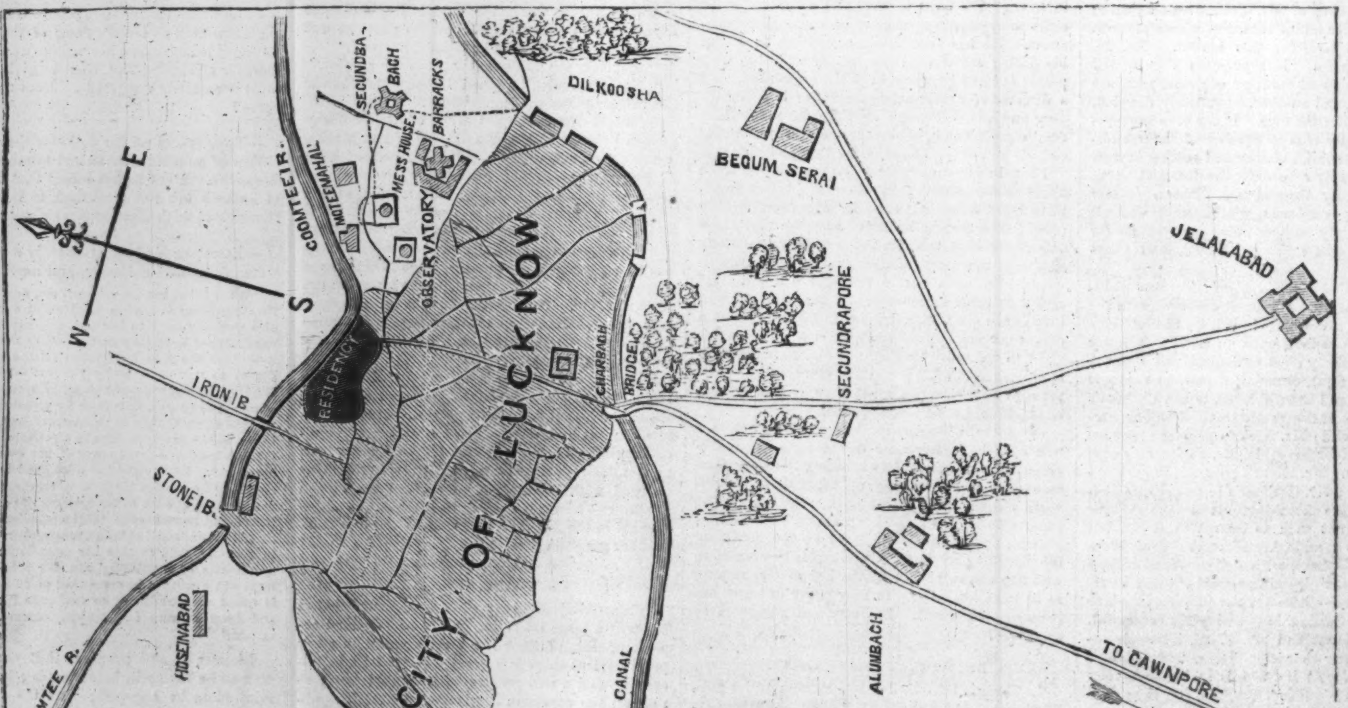
THE MARTINIÈRE.



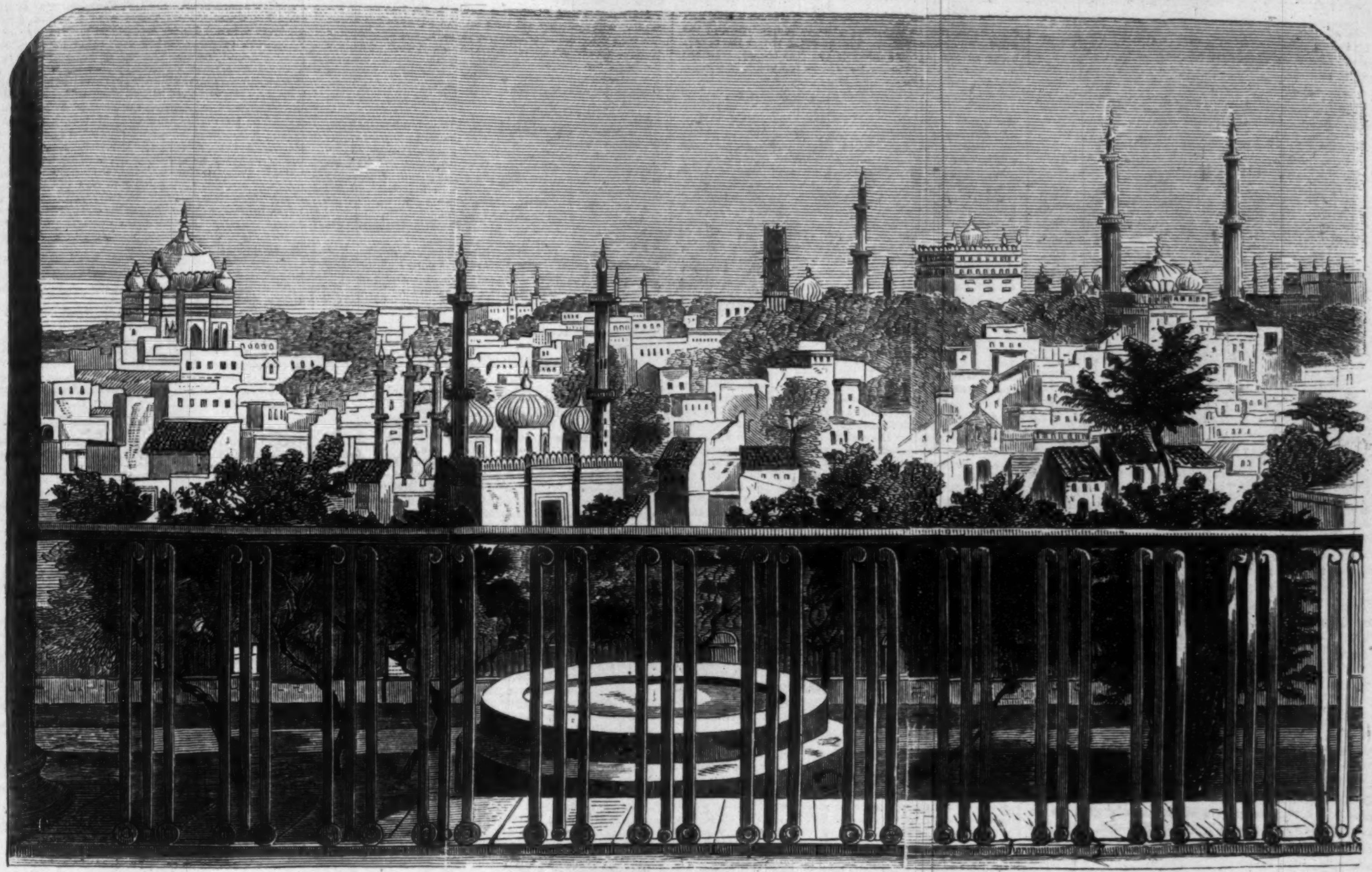
THE RESIDENCY.

the loss which Havelock's corps suffered on their terrible march through the city to relieve the Residency was due to the narrowness of the streets. Every house was a masked battery from which cowardly Sepoys poured showers of balls upon the assailants. Nothing but the imminent peril in which Inglis and his garrison stood could have justified Havelock in attempting to enter the city with so small a force as he led. Again, the chief trouble of the Residency garrison was the incessant alarm from mines. Not a week passed but they discovered some mine or other running under their walls. These mines were mere adits starting from the underground chambers of rich men's dwellings. To a people accustomed to subterranean retreats the idea of mines would occur naturally; the character of the soil favored them. The Sepoys were so craven-hearted that they never could storm the Residency, though time and again they made breaches wide enough for a storming party; but under cover and under ground they were valorous enough.

Lucknow should be rendered peculiarly interesting to us by the fact that two of the soldiers whose names are inseparably connected with its defense are those of persons born on American soil. The heroic commander of the garrison, Colonel Inglis, is the grandson of a well-known rector of Trinity Church, New York, and was himself born in Nova Scotia. The people of that Province have lately done honor to themselves by voting him a sword in testimony of their sense of his gallant behavior. He, like Sir W. Williams of Kars, has shed lustre on the British North American Colonies, and the people of those colonies will do well to keep their history before the eyes of their young men. Another native American, who unfortunately lost his life in the terrible assault of Lucknow under Havelock, was Lieutenant Edmond Joly de Lotbiniere, a Canadian, who belonged to the British 32d Regiment. He was a youth of extraordinary personal beauty and remarkable promise. Not many months before his death he was in New York. He had served throughout the campaign in the Crimea as a volunteer, and had marvelously escaped unharmed. In conversation with a friend here, on the subject of his approaching departure for India, he exclaimed, "You are wrong in supposing that I am going to lead an idle life. I have such luck that there is sure to be something to do wherever I go." The presentiment was too true; the gallant young soldier, a volunteer under Havelock, was struck by a cannon-ball almost within sight



PLAN OF THE CITY.



LUCKNOW, FROM THE RESIDENCY.

of the Residency of Lucknow, and died in the arms of his comrades, in the hour of the relief of the garrison.

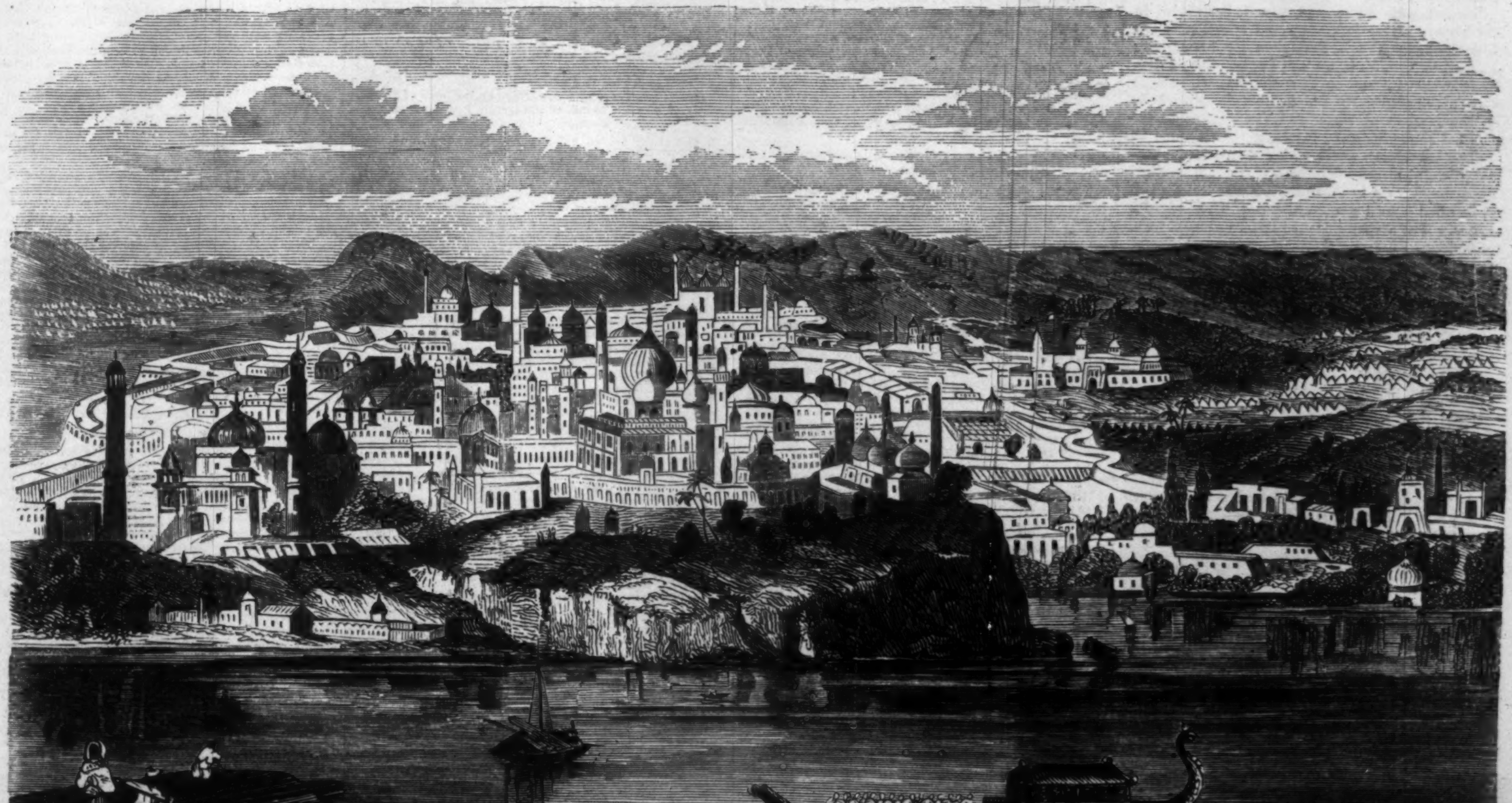
The history of the last operations at Lucknow may be given in a few words. Of all the rebels against British authority the men of Oude were the only ones who deserved serious consideration. They were physically superior to any other race of Northern India, and had proved a turbulent and audacious democracy under their own sovereign. They had frequently expressed to Colonel Sleeman their desire to be rid of the control of the imbecile and dissipated monarch who ruled them; yet it was the opinion of that experienced and sagacious officer that they were not fully prepared to acquiesce in European domination. Events justified his views. When the East India Company resolved on the annexation of Oude, the natives submitted reluctantly, and under protest; and at the first news of the conspiracy against their foreign masters they sympathized with the conspirators, and availed themselves of the first opportunity to become leading actors in the drama. Their brethren, who composed the best part of the Bengal army, were glad to return home on their disbandonment, and became speedily enrolled in new regiments under native chiefs. These, reinforced by fugitives from the northwest provinces on the one side, and from the opposite border of the Ganges on the other, formed the chief body of insurgents, and, after the fall of Delhi, made Lucknow the real centre of the mutiny. They imprisoned the garrison in the Residency, and besieged them for nearly three months. Relief by Havelock merely added a few more probable victims to those whose fate seemed hopeless before. Sir Colin Campbell rescued them from the jaws of death. But it was not till February last that a substantial attack, in accordance with military rules, was made upon the garrison of Lucknow. The details of that attack will be given hereafter. For the present we must be content with the brief telegraphic dispatches, which are to the following effect:

"Bombay, *March* 24, 3 P.M.

"Lucknow fell on the 19th; 117 guns captured: about 2000 of the enemy were slain during the siege. Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson rescued. Eight officers killed. The townspeople and the villagers being protected, are resuming their occupations. The submission of the principal landholders has been accepted. About 50,000 of the enemy have escaped, making for Rohilcund and Bundelcund. The army is in pursuit of the rebels.

"The delay of Sir H. Rose's force for three weeks at Saugor prevented the line of troops, intended to intercept the enemy, from being closed up. Sir H. Rose, with a division of the Rajpootana field force, was within twenty-five miles of Jhansi on the 21st of March. Thirty thousand rebels are said to be in his front.

"General Roberts's force marched from Nusseerabad to Kotah on the 10th and 11th. The distance is 120 miles. The Calpee mutineers have



LUCKNOW, FROM THE RIVER.

taken the fort of Churhari, and made the Rajah prisoner. Whitlock's force remains in charge of Saugor, the cavalry only having pushed on to Al-Fhadul. Stewart's brigade captured Chunderee on the 17th."

The following telegram has been received at the India House:

"TO J. D. DICKINSON, ESQ., INDIA HOUSE.

"Lucknow was completely occupied on the 17th of March (? 19). On that date the sixth (the last) post of the enemy in the Moosabagh was captured. The enemy had retreated northward. The cavalry is in pursuit. 117 guns have been taken. Captain Mitchell and Lieutenant Boole, of the Artillery, with a party of Ghoorkas, have rescued Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson. The ladies had been protected by Meer Valeed Alby Derejal, and had been well treated by him. The restoration of authority in the city has been commenced, and great efforts are in progress for reassuring the population, which had fled in great numbers to the neighboring villages."

A telegraphic dispatch from the Malta correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The news from Lucknow is to the 19th March. The whole of the town is in our possession. Major Hodson killed; Sir William Peel wounded. Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson were brought into Jung Bahadoor's camp unharmed. The commander-in-chief remains at Lucknow, restoring quiet and organizing the garrison. Fugitives from Oude to the eastward are threatening Goruckpore; the 13th Regiment was moved thither from Azimghur. Sir Hugh Rose's first brigade stormed Chansaree (?) on the 17th. General Roberts hoped to be before Kotah shortly, and, if the enemy showed signs of resisting, to open trenches on the 24th. The disarmament of Ouzerat was proceeding most satisfactorily."

LITERARY.

MR. CURTIS's *History of the Constitution* is now completed by the publication of the second volume. (Harper & Brothers.) The accomplished author has proved for once the error in the statement that contemporary history can not be impartial; for this may certainly be called contemporary, though the men who were actors in it are mostly gone to be part of the dust of the land they blessed. He has not only written the history, but he has written it calmly, dispassionately, as one might have written it a hundred years hence, looking back to the formation of the American Constitution from the position it will then occupy. There is a coolness, a deliberation of thought, which is admirable as well as surprising when we remember the conflicting opinions, the heat of debate, and political discussion with which the author has been surrounded for some years past. It is certainly a curiosity of literature, the production, in this day, during the Pierce and Buchanan Administration, of an impartial history of the Constitution.

Ardent politicians, on all sides, may find lacking here the material to sustain their own peculiar notions, and be disappointed that Mr. Curtis fails to show the Constitution founded in the design to perpetuate this or that principle, but the reasonable mind of every intelligent man will yield to the calm certainty of the reasoning before him, and we apprehend that none, of whatever party or clan, will find fault with his views after a deliberate examination of them.

The second volume, now issued, is devoted to the history of the formation and adoption of the Constitution. It is a chapter of most absorbing interest to Americans, nor can any one fully appreciate the magnificence of its structure until he shall have accompanied Mr. Curtis through his analysis of the component parts, and his account of the method of putting them together.

The convention which was gathered for its construction was such an assembly as the world had never seen. Up to that period a national Constitution had been a growth of years, lifetimes, centuries. The British Constitution—the boast, then, of civilized Europe—was the slow accumulation of long periods, the accretion of time. It was, as it now is, a great fabric, but parts of it were old and weak, parts heavy and unwieldy, parts stiff and inflexible. The executive arm was—what we have all seen it in the conduct of the Eastern war—a bundle of red tape for sinews, and a mass of old notions for nerves. The weight necessary for a heavy blow was there indeed, but the machinery to move the blow was next to useless. There was no model in England on which to found a Constitutional Government, nor was there a precedent in the world's history which could guide the founders of the American Confederation. Here was a noble work for noble men, and the history of their accomplishment of this work is therefore one of the grandest stories among the lives of nations.

Let it be read in every house in the land. Let children study it, that they may grow up to honor and love it Let fathers read it to their households, that the day may be far distant, which disorganizers and fanatics so earnestly wish to hasten, when this glorious Constitution shall be numbered among the shattered relics of old times, a curiosity of the past, to be gazed at by idle boys, laughed at by radicalists, mourned over by the devout lovers of all that is good and holy. We commend the study of Mr. Curtis's work to all who love their country and desire its permanent prosperity.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 26th April, in the Senate, after some business of minor importance, the question of the embassy to Paraguay was taken up, and speeches in defense of Lopez were made by Senators Mallory and Simmons, and against him by Senator Mason. On motion of Senator Green, the Report of the Kansas Conference Committee was then taken up, and a protracted discussion held thereon by Senators Stuart, Crittenden, Douglas, Toombs, Pugh, Seward, Bayard, Cameron, Green, Johnson, Clark, and others. The Senate adjourned without taking a vote.——In the House, Mr. Quitman unsuccessfully attempted to introduce a resolution concerning the admission of new States. The question before the House being on the postponement of the Kansas question till May, remarks were made by Messrs. Marshall, Stephens, Stanton, Grow, Harris, and others, after which the motion to postpone till May was disagreed to by 104 to 100. The Deficiency Bill was reported back to the House with the Senate amendments. Mr. Spinner then began to read extracts from a newspaper assailing Senator Bright, in connection with the Council Bluffs purchase, but was stopped by the Chair. The conduct of Senator Bright was justified by Mr. Hughes. After some discussion the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, 27th, in the Senate, the Report of the Kansas Conference Committee was taken up, and speeches thereon were made by Senators Crittenden, Hunter, Collamer, Hale, Wade, Green, and Seward; no vote was taken.——In the House, majority and minority Reports from the Fort Snelling Committee were presented. Mr. Hughes moved a vote of censure on Mr. Spinner for his attack on Senator Bright. Speeches on the question were made by Messrs. Hughes, Campbell, Giddings, English, and Spinner; after which the whole subject was tabled. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the subject of pensions to soldiers of 1812: speeches were made by Messrs. Curry, Clark, Anderson, Curtis, and Quitman, but no vote was taken.

On Wednesday, 28th, in the Senate, the Kansas Report was taken up, and speeches were made by Senators Stuart, Pugh, and Doolittle.——In the House, a resolution was adopted for printing one-third fewer copies of the Patent Report than formerly. A resolution was adopted from the Post-office Committee appointing the Postmaster-general, the Attorney-general, and the Secretary of the Treasury a committee to settle the Post-office in Philadelphia. The Senate Bill for the payment of the expenses of the Utah Courts was passed. The Kansas Report was then taken up, and speeches made by Messrs. Howard, Davis, Stephens, Bingham, Clingman, Marshall, Garnett, and others.

On Thursday, 29th, in the Senate, a Committee of Conference was appointed to settle the differences between the Senate and the House on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. The Kansas Conference Committee's Report being then taken up, speeches were made by Senators Douglas, Toombs, Brown, Green, Wilson, Bell, Seward, and others.——In the House, the Report of the Kansas Conference Committee was considered, and speeches were made by Messrs. Cox, Marshall, Lawrence, Sherman, Giddings, and others. Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, moved to lay the report on the table; negatived by 113 to 101. Further discussion as to the day on which the vote should be taken ensued between Messrs. Jones, Garnett, Seward, Harris, Wright, Bonham, Phillips, Millson, and Quitman; but the House adjourned without deciding the question.

On Friday, 30th, in the Senate, Senator Houston moved to take up his resolution in relation to a Mexican Protectorate, which, after speeches in opposition by Senators Wilson and Mason, was tabled. The Kansas Conference Committee's Report was then taken up, and speeches made by Senators Broderick and Seward; after which the Report was adopted by 30 to 22. On motion of Senator Hunter the Senate receded from its amendments on the Deficiency Bill.——In the House, the Kansas Report was taken up, and speeches were made by Messrs. Clark, Bryan, Shorter, Campbell, Haskin, Cox, and others, after which the question was put, and the Report of the Conference Committee was adopted by 112 to 103. Mr. English moved to reconsider the vote, and to lay that motion on the table; agreed to by 113 to 100. After some personal explanations the House adjourned till Monday.

THE REPORT OF THE FORT SNELLING COMMITTEE.

The report of the majority of the Select Committee on the facts and circumstances attending the sale of Fort Snelling says that the sale was effected with such privacy, that outside of the Secretary of War none but the combination immediately interested had any knowledge of it, and that the facts obtained publicity only after the confirmation of the sale by the Secretary of War; that no special authority was given him to sell, nor did existing laws confer the power to sell military posts or reservations until they had already become useless, and not merely contemplated to become useless; that this legal occasion for the sale of Fort Snelling had not occurred, and hence was without legal authority; and that the preliminaries for the sale were being made while there were actual and threatened hostilities. The Committee show the value of the Fort as a depôt, and that the price paid for it was below its intrinsic value, and say that publicity for the sale ought to have been sought and the land subdivided in parcels to enable men of small means to buy, and that the sale on credit was not authorized by law. The report is signed by Messrs. Morrill of Vermont; Pettet of Indiana, and Morris of Illinois, and concludes with resolutions that the sale of the military post of Fort Snelling, and so much of the reservation attached to it as was necessary for military purposes, made on the 6th of June, 1857, under the authority of the Secretary of War, was without the authority of law, and that the sale was and is now void. The minority of the Committee justify the sale.

HOW NEW STATES SHOULD HEREAFTER BE ADMITTED.

The bill which Mr. Quitman endeavored to introduce in the House sets forth that it is unwise, impolitic, and unjust to existing States to prematurely or hastily admit new States, thereby unduly stimulating the occupation of distant vacant Territories by forced and unnatural migration for political, partisan, and sectional purposes, producing strife and discord between different portions of the Union, and leading to corrupt political combinations in Congress. In order to correct these evils and give timely notice of the line of policy which will hereafter be pursued, the bill provides that no new States shall be admitted into the Union until it is ascertained by a census taken by the authority of Congress that the Territory asking admission contains a population sufficient for a representative to Congress, nor until the people have been authorized by Congress to hold a convention to frame a constitution and present the same to Congress.

THE PROPOSED BANKRUPT LAW.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "Mr. Toombs's Bankrupt law is being actively considered by the Judiciary Committee, and it will probably be presented to the Senate early next week. It is understood it will be a general bill, including individuals, corporations, chartered banks, and any association of persons authorized to issue notes, bills, etc. It will provide for voluntary and involuntary bankruptcy, and will be retroactive. The retroactive feature will be guarded so as to exclude all who, subsequent to January last, or any other time, have made assignments, in contemplation of the passage of a bankrupt law, which gave preference to one creditor over another, and the bankrupt in such cases shall not receive a discharge unless with the consent of a majority of his creditors who have not been so preferred. The involuntary bankruptcy applies to cases where the debts exceed two thousand dollars, and the person declared bankrupt is entitled to trial by jury—all transfers of property of any kind, for the purpose of giving any creditor, indorser, or other person any preference or priority over general creditors, to be null and void, and the parties obtaining them to be sued for such amount as assets of the bankruptcy. With regard to banks and other issuers of paper money, they are to come under the head of involuntary bankrupts; and, in addition to all the liabilities which attach to individuals, they may be declared bankrupt for the non-payment for ten days after demand of any bill, note, or other liability—all the expenses of proceedings to be paid by the parties interested, and under no pretense to be paid by the United States. These are the general features of the bill, we believe. It is to go into effect next November if now passed.

THE REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE UTAH ARMY.

The Leavenworth correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* says that the Peace Commissioners, Messrs. M'Cullough and Powell, left for Utah on the 25th, with an escort of six men.

The *Herald* correspondent writes from Fort Leavenworth as follows, under date of 21st April:

"The main body of reinforcements, composed of the First cavalry and Sixth and Seventh Regiments of infantry, will probably not take up the advance till about the 15th proximo—perhaps not so soon, unless Congress is more speedy in supplying the sinews of war. There is no doubt but the messenger dispatched in hot haste a few days ago, carries instructions to General Johnston to suspend his advance till the arrival of the aforesaid Commissioners; and there is scarce a doubt, also, but what he will reach him in time.

"Officers of all corps and arms are concentrating here, some of whom take advantage of affairs to pursue scientific objects, preparing for future generations some further information concerning the vast plains and uplands stretching far away toward the setting sun. For many years the army has been engaged in this work, as the public records will testify, though under such restrictions as to still leave the work far from complete."

He gives the following table of the reinforcements going out this spring:

	Officers.	Men.
Light batteries of artillery	12	256
Foot artillery	40	800
Cavalry	40	900
Infantry	60	1400
Sappers and ordnance men	5	100
Total reinforcement of regular troops	157	3456
Force already in Utah	95	1989
Total grand aggregate	252	5445

PERSONAL.

Robert J. Walker is said to be in favor of the English Compromise Kansas Act.

Miss Teresa Esmonde has delivered a remarkable lecture on Irish poetry before a large audience in Mozart Hall.

The court-martial on General Twiggs reassembled on 29th ult. at 11 o'clock, at Newport Barracks, Cincinnati, General Jesup presiding. General Twiggs objected to Colonel Fontleroy's sitting as a member of the Court, on account of former differences between them. The latter said the differences had been long since discarded, but asked permission to withdraw, which was granted. The balance of the day was occupied in the examination of testimony.

The Court closed its session on 30th, but the decision will not be known until it has been transmitted to the War Department.

The Richmond *Enquirer* publishes the terms of negotiation between Mr. John A. Washington, the proprietor of Mount Vernon, and the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union. They are, the payment of $200,000 for two hundred acres of land, in which are included Washington's residence and tomb, and the landing-place: $18,000 of this sum were paid on the closing of the contract, and the remainder of the contract price is to be paid in four yearly installments. Mr. Washington, however, will allow interest upon any sums, not less than $5000, that may be paid before the bonds are due; and he retains the title to and possession of the estate until principal and interest are paid, except that, in case the whole amount is paid by the 22d of February, 1859, he will forego interests on the first year's payment, due in January, 1859. At the earnest solicitation of Mr. Everett and other friends, the "Southern Matron" has signed her baptismal name to the document announcing these facts. It is Ann Parmela Cunningham.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "Some weeks since the Rev. John Lyon, a clerical gentleman of ability and attainments, teacher in a high school at Kirkwood, Missouri, became extraordinarily absorbed in religious exercises. These he so imprudently protracted as, by excessive fasting and unintermitting vocal prayer, gradually to destroy both his health and his sanity. His friends found it requisite to subject him to salutary restraint and to medical treatment, and therefore placed him in the Sisters' Hospital in St. Louis. There he soon grew violent, smashed the glass windows of his cell, and had to be pinioned and bound down. On Tuesday last it was concluded to convey him to the asylum for the insane at Fulton. Partly by stratagem, and partly by persuasion, the removal was quietly effected. He is single—aged about thirty-three years. At present he appears to be chiefly apprehensive that during the interruption of his prayers Providence will not take proper care of the world."

A. B. Moore, Governor of Alabama, has appointed delegates from each county of that State to attend the Southern Convention, to be held at Montgomery on the second Monday in May. Among the delegates are ex-Governors John A. Winston, C. C. Clay, and R. Chapman, Senator Fitzpatrick, and ex-Senator Bagby.

A letter from Bay St. Louis, in Mississippi, to the New Orleans *Picayune*, mentions the death of the Hon. S. B. Pierce, of Mississippi, by an accident. He was at Augusta, Perry County, attending court, and had been induced to accompany a party of gentlemen on a deer-drive. While in the woods his horse took fright, ran, and stumbled, when Mr. Pierce's gun, being at half-cock, was discharged, the contents passing through his thigh. The femoral artery was torn away, and the wounded man bled to death.

The Evansville *Journal* narrates an instance of sad reverse of fortune. One of the Green River packets recently put off on a wharf-boat at that city, a poor, afflicted man, over eighty years of age. He was blind from cancer in the eye, and one of his legs was paralyzed; and utterly destitute, helpless, and apparently friendless, he lay upon the wharf-boat from Saturday evening until Sunday afternoon of last week, when Dr. Hallock prevailed on an old negro nurse to take him into her hut and provide what necessaries were in her power for him. The old man died on Thursday, and was buried by one of the charitable associations of the city. Among his effects were papers showing his name to be Dr. John Pocock Holmes, a member of the London College of Surgeons, together with a great number of letters from very distinguished men of science in London and elsewhere, proving the deceased to have been one of the most eminent men of his profession. The sum of $250 was found on his person, which seems to be all the property he had. The *Journal* says he was evidently a man of correct habits and great intelligence.

The *Union* says: "We understand that Señor Doctor Mariano de Briceño, who, for a short time, has resided in this city in the character of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Venezuela, yesterday took leave of the President for the purpose of returning home.

The Abingdon *Virginian* says that Honorable Fayette M'Mullen, Governor of Washington Territory, has obtained a divorce from his wife in the courts there, and intends returning to Virginia the coming summer, and settling in the county of Scott or Smythe.

Several of the former parishioners of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, in Cincinnati, met at Christ Church last week, to express their sympathy with his bereaved family, and their sense of the loss to the Church. The Rev. Dr. Butler presided.

Horace Mann, President of Antioch College, and Prof. Read, of the Wisconsin State University, have been elected as the Western lecturers before the National Teachers' Association, which meets at Cincinnati in August.

Colonel William Bent, of Bent's Fort, in Kansas Territory, on the head-waters of the Arkansas, about sixty miles from the Rocky Mountains, is now in Washington. Colonel B. has been noted in connection with the affairs of the frontier for thirty years past.

The authorities of Washington having been informed that a duel was on the tapis between a brother of Peter G. Washington, formerly an auditor in the Treasury Department, and a nephew of Governor Wise, caused both of the parties to be arrested last evening, by which procedure the contemplated duel was frustrated.

The Albany *Evening Journal* says: The trial of Ira Stout and his sister for the murder of her husband, unfolds a sickening chapter in the history of human depravity. Nothing more revolting was ever disclosed or imagined in the annals of the oldest cities or among the vilest of their festering population.

Stout, Ira's father, and the head of this family, has been several times convicted of offenses which consigned him as often to the State prison. The younger members, male and female, prowled for years about the country, indulging in degrees of crime and all descriptions of vice, until the group drew together and settled themselves down at Rochester, where the murdered man, Charles W. Littles, married Sarah, who had then or has since, become Ira's paramour. Littles's character may be inferred from his associations. There were frequent and bitter quarrels between Littles and his wife. Ira inflamed him by charges implicating her with other men, and finally, as is supposed, he was decoyed to Falls Fields the night of the murder, under a pretext that his wife had an assignation at that place. When there Stout, armed with a club for the purpose, killed him; and when, aided by his sister, he was dragging the dead or dying man to the precipice, all three went over it together. They fell twenty feet, and then were precipitated nearly a hundred feet more down a steep bank, breaking each an arm in the fall. What an appalling scene of crime and punishment! And yet, thus maimed, the wife of the murdered man assisted her own brother to cast the body into the river, when they returned to their guilty and degraded home, bruised and bloody, to pass a night of inexpressible horror. Truly 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

Major Gaines and Major Sherman, U. S. A., arrived in St. Louis on the 26th ult.

Mayor Wood, of Trenton, N. J., has resigned his office, and F. S. Mills has been elected in his place.

Vice-President Breckinridge was at Lexington, Kentucky, on the 24th ult.

Hon. W. A. Richardson, Governor of Nebraska Territory, arrived at Omaba City on the 13th ult.

At a church meeting in one of the "fashionable orthodox churches" in Anderson County, Kentucky, last week, a clergyman asked for and obtained a letter of dismission for himself and some of the members of his family. He then said, that if any of the brethren had any thing to say about him, to "now declare it, or ever after hold their peace." Whereupon another preacher said something which was not heard by all the congregation, but the lie passed between them. The preacher who called for the letter drew back his fist and struck the other preacher a heavy blow and then commenced kicking him. He kicked him so hard that he demolished his boot. The defendant, being a "non-resistant," made no defense, but went before a magistrate and made complaint. The assailant was fined ten dollars and costs, and submitted, besides, to a long lecture from the Court. A correspondent of the Louisville *Democrat*, in giving an account of the affair, says: "The pugnacious divine is a good-looking man, of fine talents, great pulpit orator, with prepossessing manners. The fight has raised his standing among his brethren. Some of the members of a neighboring church have sent him word, if he will go to their next church meeting and whip their preacher, they will pay the fine that is now against him, and any other one that may be imposed on him."

Captain Joshua Sands, lately in command of the United States frigate *Susquehanna*, reached his home at Stratford, Connecticut, on Saturday, the 24th instant, to the great delight of his relatives and numerous acquaintances. A salute of one hundred guns was fired in his honor during the evening, and the Captain assured the assembled people that it sounded more gratefully to his ear than any salute he had been ever previously honored with. He promised his friends a present in the shape of a large cannon taken in the Mexican war and now his property. After partaking of refreshments at his house, a large party wished him health and a long life and retired.

The Providence (Rhode Island) republicans have nominated ex-Governor Hoppin to fill a vacant seat in their State Senate.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Traveler*, in speaking of Colonel Orr, relates the following incident which transpired when Governor Banks occupied the chair:

"This reminds me of an incident of Preston S. Brooks, which is little known. During Governor Banks's administration as Speaker, on one day when debate ran high, Mr. Brooks persisted in making a statement when out of order. The Speaker said, in a calm voice, 'The gentleman is out of order;' but he continued speaking. 'The gentleman from South Carolina is out of order,' said the Speaker, in a voice that rang through the hall like a clarion; but Mr. Brooks continued speaking. Now the Speaker sprang to his feet, his gavel fell with a resounding clash down upon the brazen rail of the desk, and the echoes of the old hall were awakened by the sound as he said, 'The Sergeant-at-Arms will arrest the member from South Carolina.' Mr. Brooks dropped instantly into his seat a dead-weight, leaving a word half uttered. There was a death-like stillness in the House for a second, when the ball was set in motion by the Speaker calmly saying, 'The gentleman from Ohio has the floor.'"

The Quindaro (Kansas) *Chindowan*, of the 16th, says: "On Tuesday, the redoubtable Colonel Titus made an unprovoked assault upon General S. C. Pomroy, of Atchison. The circumstances, as nearly as we can arrive at them, are these: General Pomeroy had gone to Kansas City to attend a suit at law, as agent of the Emigrant Aid Society, and was coming out of the court-room, in company with the officers of the Court and others, when Titus approached and struck him on the neck with a club. The General threw up his arm to ward off the blows, and received a severe wound on the arm."

The will of the late Commodore Perry was lately admitted to probate in the Surrogate's office. In accordance with the wish of the executors the will was not among those of which copies could be taken for publication. It is stated that the items are only interesting to the relatives.

The first school taught in Chicago was opened in the fall of 1816, by William L. Cox, a discharged soldier of the last war. The High School was established in 1856. Now there are in the city seventy-nine teachers employed in the Public Schools.

The Cleveland *Herald* announces the continued existence of the Free-Love Water Cure at Berlin Heights, Ohio. It has about forty inmates, men and women, who live in perfect defiance of all decency and religion, regardless of marriage ties, and in accordance with their detestable system of "Free Love."—They publish a Free-Love organ.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

ON 19th, in the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli made his financial statement. He estimated the ordinary expenditures of the war at £63,690,000; but as £2,000,000 of Exchequer bills were falling due, and £1,500,000 had to be paid as sinking fund toward the war debt, the total expenditure would amount to £67,100,000; being about £4,000,000 in excess of the estimated revenue.

On 20th, in the Commons, Mr. Roebuck said he intended to ask the Government if they meant to proceed with the conspiracy indictment against Dr. Bernard. A motion for leave to bring in a bill limiting Parliament to three years was defeated by 197 majority.

In reply to a question from Mr. Ewart whether advantage would be taken of the opportunities afforded by the negotiations with the Chinese Government at Pekin for opening up commerce with Thibet and other countries under the Chinese dominions beyond the Himalayas, Mr. Disraeli stated that no negotiations were going on with the Court of Pekin at present, but when communications did take place, England would act in conjunction with the other powers, and lose no opportunity of assisting the extension of commerce.

There has been a debate on the Passport System, in the course of which both the Earls of Malmesbury and Clarendon denounced the system as foolish and unnecessary, and the former announced measures to make it as light a burden to the English citizens as possible.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF.

The Duke of Malakoff, the new Embassador from France to England, landed at Dover on the 15th, and met with a civic and military reception. Three guards of honor were on duty. In response to an address from the Corporation of Dover, he said that nothing could have afforded him greater pleasure than the appointment which had been conferred upon him, and it would be his earnest desire to preserve those cordial relations which have hitherto existed between France and England. The Duke traveled to London in a state railway carriage.

The Queen held a court on Thursday, the 16th instant, at Buckingham Palace. The Duke de Malakoff had his

first audience of the Queen, and delivered to her Majesty his credentials as Embassador from his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French.

TRIAL OF SIMON BERNARD.

The trial of Dr. Simon Bernard for complicity with Orsini and others, was terminated by a verdict of acquittal. The counsel for the prisoner, Mr. Edwin James, made a powerful speech on behalf of his client, appealing strongly to the anti-Napoleon prejudices of his auditors. He denounced the Emperor as a despot, and affirmed that the proceedings had been undertaken to serve a political object at the dictation of the abettors of foreign despotism who dared not appeal to the British House of Commons. He called for a fearless and independent verdict, let the consequences be what they might. The speech elicited tremendous cheering in the Court, as did also the verdict.

APPEARANCE OF THE COURT.

The Court has been daguerreotyped by a spectator, as follows: "On the extreme left of the bench sat Chief Baron Pollock, of course in his wig and robes; next him the Lord Chief Justice Campbell, bearing his load of years bravely; his eye still keen, and his hand still running over the page of the note-book with the swiftness which stenography imparted to it thirty years ago. In the centre, under the canopy adorned with the royal arms, and the sword of Justice hanging like that of Damocles (but with the hilt, not the point, downward), sat Mr. Justice Crowder, a jovial judge, with a sly look in the corner of his eye. Mr. Justice Erle made up the quartet. On either side were ranged various City Officials, distinguished by a good deal of furs and a great deal of gold chain. Conspicuous among them sat the Lord Mayor, hooked as to nose, frizzed and gray as to hair, and very wide awake as to look. His lordship, however, took his departure early, to play judge himself at the Mansion-house, ushered from the court by the well-known official in the muff. Opposite to the bench, a little to the left, is situated the dock, a large and roomy space, railed off from the body of the court. M. Bernard entered exactly at ten o'clock, accompanied by a gentleman, who presently sat himself down and read the newspaper. This was the governor of the prison. A man in a belt also followed the prisoner, and he was the jailer. M. Bernard was dressed in black, and wore black kid gloves. He was puzzled on reaching the front of the dock to find laid out on the ledge on either side of him a number of green sprigs, the rue, which an old custom prescribes to be provided for the use of prisoners who may feel faint. On smelling one of the sprigs M. Bernard seemed satisfied as to what it was, but evidently continued at a loss to know for what purpose it was placed there.

THE ARRAIGNMENT AND OPENING SPEECH FOR THE PROSECUTION.

"On being asked to plead, M. Bernard denied the jurisdiction of the court, and therefore declined to say either guilty or not guilty. At one time of day—not very long ago, either—a prisoner who refused to plead was subject to be tortured until he did plead. The last person who underwent this barbarous punishment was Jack Sheppard's famous friend and accomplice, Blueskin. Blueskin resisted the torture to the last, and was pressed to death. No such fearful fate, however, awaited M. Bernard. The Chief Justice explained that, according to the more civilized law of these days of steam and gas, if a prisoner declined to plead, it became the duty of the court to enter a plea of not guilty for him. A plea of 'Not guilty' was entered accordingly. At eleven o'clock Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the Attorney-General, rose from the front row of the great crowd of bewigged and begowned gentlemen who occupied the centre of the court, and opened the case for the prosecution. Nothing could have been clearer than his statement. His gentlemanly tone was exceedingly winning; and every one must have been gratified by the entire absence of any thing like *animus*, or undue partisanship. Le Chevalier Estien, inspector of the French police, a fat-faced, red-haired, stumpy man (not without an expression of good-humor), created a great sensation by the production of a variety of weapons from a number of bags and boxes by which he was surrounded. First he produced Pierri's dagger-knife, which he opened, and shut up with a click *à la* Mr. N. T. Hicks. Next, a five-chamber revolver, which the Lord Chief Justice and the Chief Baron handled with a sort of distant curiosity. The Attorney-General looked a little afraid of it, but some young men on the jury handled the weapon with accustomed hands. A grenade, bristling horridly with nipples, also went the round, together with chips of the exploded shell, some portions of which had been taken from the body of one of the horses which drew the Emperor on the night of what the French inspector called the *attentat*."

THE SPEECH FOR THE DEFENSE—NAPOLEON'S CAREER.

Mr. Edwin James, for the defense, made a most remarkable speech, in the course of which he thus sketched the Emperor of the French:

"They could not appreciate the feelings of the men the rights and liberties of whose country had been trampled upon and destroyed. Every spark of freedom in Italy had been annihilated, the Pope was kept upon his throne by the French army, and although they might have the utmost horror of assassination, could they wonder at the Italian patriot resorting to some desperate scheme by which he might hope to throw off the yoke which enslaved his native land. His Majesty the Emperor of the French had been exiled to this country. He had lived on these shores, under the protection of those laws which he now sought to destroy. He changed places, however, with Louis Philippe, and in 1848 he was elected, by the unanimous vote of the French people, President of the French Republic. He had enunciated such sentiments of liberty as to induce the French people to confide their destinies in his hands, and the solemn oath he had taken to protect their rights and liberties was scarcely cold on his lips before he violated it. And what was the conduct of Napoleon in 1851? He caused Cavaignac and other distinguished patriots to be arrested; he turned his drunken soldiery into the streets, and upon the ruins of the institutions of that great nation he voted himself to the throne."

APPEAL TO THE JURY.

He closed as follows: "This country had been the home of the exiled monarch of to-day, but the object of this prosecution was to destroy the great principle of English liberty afforded to exiles, and he appealed to the jury not to allow the laws of England to be violated at the bidding of a neighboring despot. He trusted they would not. He had endeavored to do his duty on behalf of the unhappy gentleman at the bar. He had endeavored to do so, as an English advocate, fearlessly and honestly. That was allowed in an English court of justice, although it was not in France, where the Press was gagged, and where no person was allowed to express his opinions unless they coincided with the views expressed at the Tuileries. But it was the pride of England that liberty of speech was allowed, and, he repeated, he endeavored, knowing that freedom of speech was allowed, to do his duty to the best of his ability. He also urged the jury to do their duty fearlessly, honestly, and conscientiously, and he appealed to them to let their verdict be their own. Let it not be given in fear of French arms, French fleets, and French intimidation. Let not a foreign despot influence them in arriving at their verdict. Tell him that he may parade his armies, his bayonets, but he can not intimidate an English jury. Tell him that they had even arrested the influence of the Crown, supported by time-serving judges; and tell him, by their verdict, that the time-honored asylum should not be violated. Let him parade his 600,000 bayonets before them —let the French cannon be thundering in their ears—but let him see that an English jury even then was not to be intimidated. Tell him that nothing he could do or threaten could in the smallest possible degree influence their verdict. Tell him that the liberty of England was based upon eternal and immutable justice; and tell him that, whether the throne of a foreign despot was to be lasting or shattered forever, the institutions of England were built upon the liberty of a mighty people."

LORD CARDIGAN'S LAST SCRAPE.

The London correspondent of the *Herald* tells the following story; "You must know that our pet here—which in his case means the reverse of a great man or a great warrior—Lord Cardigan, has had a new escapade. The fascinating and aristocratic young lady, Miss Di H——y, although a virgin mother—that is, she has never entered the holy marital state—was desperately enamored of the olfactory lord—you know that he is remarkable for a proboscis—and expressed herself to her putative *pater* in language which means to convey, 'I can't live without him.' Now the *pater-familias*—at least the yachting world say so—was well aware that the lord occasionally visited the boudoir of his daughter, at which he did the usual, but dishonorable, winking business—that is, took no notice as long as the scandal was confined to his *chez sir*. When the public spoke of it the *pater*, '*disgustibus*,' did the surprised and the indignant, in the language of the 'stern parient' of 'Vilikins and Dinah' renown: 'You must either quit my roof, or give up the jumping Earl, the Inspector-General of Albion's cavalry.' 'Never!' exclaimed the female, as she set about packing her luggage. To be as brief as Polonius, know that the Earl has settled £700 a year on her, and that she is now his *cara sposa, à bras gaucherie*, for obvious reasons, because he has one '*à main droite*'—'*Bella femmina che ride vecol dir borsar che piange*,' as the Italian proverb has it. The veteran lord is supposed to have a long purse, so is certain of Miss Di H——y's smiles. She is now located at the Park Hotel, opposite the marble arch, with the usual *gaucherie* of the fallen—'*hichéeing*' herself by her style of living."

A MILLION SUBSCRIBED FOR ORSINI'S FAMILY.

The same writer adds: "Apropos of Orsini. The time of reaction has arrived, and he who a fortnight ago was cursed for a parricide, is now venerated as a martyr. Having ranked with the Ravaillacs and the Fentons, he is now deified as a Scœvola or a Brutus. What must the Emperor feel when he hears, as is the fact, that no less a sum than one million franks has been spontaneously subscribed for the family? The list comprises the names of men and families of repute in England, France, and Italy, and in this latter country the subscription is headed by the chief nobility of Tuscany."

A LADY WORRIED BY A BEAR.

On the 10th ult., at the Bristol assizes, an action was brought by a young Italian lady of the name of Besozzi against a hotel-keeper, named Harris, to recover damages sustained by being worried by a bear, the property of the defendant. Last September the plaintiff, who is said to be of high descent, but who, owing to misfortune, has lately practiced as a teacher at Bristol, went, with many others, on a pleasure excursion to the Steep Holmes, in the Bristol Channel, where the defendant kept a hotel. While walking in the grounds around the house, where there was no notice of danger, she was suddenly seized by the bear, which sprung from a kennel, where he was chained, and was not rescued from his grasp until she had sustained injuries so serious as to render necessary several surgical operations, and which would probably leave behind a permanent lameness. It was said for the defense that the bear had previously been harmless, was kept chained, and that the lady had gone where she had no lawful occasion to pass. A verdict was found for the plaintiff—Damages, £50.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT IN MR. SPURGEON'S CHURCH.

Accidents seem to follow Mr. Spurgeon. At Halifax, last week, while a congregation were dispersing from a large temporary building erected for his hearers, a wooden gallery gave way, and two persons had broken legs. Next day, after a fall of snow, which occurred to a considerable extent in the north, the whole structure came down with a crash. It was then, fortunately, empty.

FRANCE.

AN IMPERIAL TOUR IN BRETAGNE.

The Emperor and Empress intend to make a tour in Brittany this spring. The Mayor of Rennes having informed the municipal council sitting that the Emperor would visit that city, the council immediately voted the following address on the occasion: "Sire—Since the time of Henry IV., of glorious memory, no sovereign has entered our walls. Happy at learning that your Majesty and your august consort will deign to visit this city, we hasten to express to you our sincere gratitude for such a mark of favor. But soon our population, in thronging around your person, will express, better than our words can do, their gratitude to the prince whose paternal kindness protects our interests, and whose genius has restored to France order and glory, as well as her ancient predominance over the destinies of Europe."

EFFECT PRODUCED IN FRANCE BY THE ACQUITTAL OF BERNARD.

The acquittal of Bernard produced great sensation. The Paris *Moniteur* did not publish the result when first received. Several other journals confessed that they dare not publish the speech of the prisoner's counsel, while others gave garbled accounts.

The Paris correspondent says that the Emperor and his advisers do not regard with indifference the encouragement that the result will give the conspirators, but that no exciting language will be employed by the French press to create indignation.

It was rumored, but not credited, that Queen Victoria will meet the Emperor Napoleon at Cherbourg at the great railroad fête to take place there.

THE NEW REIGN OF TERROR IN FRANCE.

Signor Mazzini, in a letter to the London papers, gives a few samples from a stock of cases, in illustration of the working of Louis Napoleon's Law of Public Safety. M. Lebrun, a notary at Charot Bourges, was seized at his dinner-table without notice, thrust into a cellular prison van, and hurried off to prison. The shock seriously affected him. He implored leave to call in a medical man, but this was refused, and the unfortunate notary died. Jean Bartheix, an inn-keeper, seventy years of age, residing in the department of the Tarn, was transported to Cayenne in 1852, afterward removed to Algiers, and last February was allowed to return home on leave of absence for six months. Eight days after his arrival he was again arrested, and lodged in a prison at Marseilles, where he remains in a dying state, and he is not allowed to receive the visits of any medical attendant. An Italian named Custaldi, who was in trade at Marseilles, was ordered to remove his residence to Poictiers. He knew that the execution of this mandate would ruin him, and, having friends in Paris, he got it withdrawn, upon condition that an acceptable security could be found to guarantee a continuance of his peaceful behavior. A surety was found and approved. Custaldi returned home, and was shortly afterward rearrested. This time his enemies made sure of their victim. On the 2d ult., without any form of preliminary examination or interrogatory, he was sent to Lambessa. Doomed prisoners are continuing to reach Marseilles every night from all the *départements*. The names of the intended were chosen a few days before the promulgation of the Law of Public Safety from old and recent lists of names, merely marked with the word "republican." They are very numerous. The Governor of Algeria writes, urging that other places of confinement may be chosen. Algiers alone has already 700 prisoners. It is, in the midst of, at least, apparent tranquillity, a second and enlarged edition of the *coup d'état*.

NO SOCIAL INTIMACY BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OPPOSITION.

The four opposition deputies, M. Emile Ollivier, member for Paris, Darimon (Paris), Hénon (Lyons), and Curé (Bordeaux), have been placed in a state of great embarrassment by the receipt of an invitation to dine at the Tuileries on Monday, the 12th. M. Emile Ollivier declined the honor in the following note, addressed to the Emperor's principal chamberlain: "I beg you to thank the Emperor for the invitation to dinner which you have sent me by his order, and to inform him that I can not accept it. I have the honor, etc., EMILE OLLIVIER." MM. Darimon and Hénon, without consulting either each other or M. E. Ollivier, also sent letters of refusal. M. Curé, after much hesitation, decided to accept the imperial hospitality. He dined at the Tuileries on the 12th. The Emperor, delighted at finding his mahogany possessed attractions too potent to be resisted by at least one of the systematic opponents of his government, treated M. Curé with marked courtesy, and talked with him for a long while.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE REIGNING BELLE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says: "We have recently had a marriage here that, from the notoriety of the young lady, has caused considerable sensation in the English *beau monde*. A young lady of the name of Sneyd has for the last four or five years held the palm of beauty against all competition, and wherever she went, whether to the Opera, to the ball, or—*proh pudor!* —to chapel, all eyes were fixed upon her. At one time it was even said that the Emperor himself was in danger of falling at her feet, and that the Empress insisted upon her name being struck out from the Imperial invitation list. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that she has continued to be up to the present time a subject of perpetual admiration on the part of the male sex, and of very considerable abuse on the part of her own. Three days ago, however, she consented to forego the fleeting honors of public admiration for what—it is to be hoped—will form the more enduring laurels of domestic life. After scorning the present embassador at Florence, Mr. Howard, brother of the Earl of Carlisle—flouting various other private secretaries to attachés and heirs of splendid rent rolls, she has thrown herself into the arms of George Peze, Esq., one of her Majesty's attachés to the British Embassy, only too happy, as some spiteful young ladies say, to find such a termination to a career that had already ceased to be brilliant.

"The fact is, Miss Sneyd is an instance among ten thousand others of the power of mind over other matters. She was undoubtedly beautiful, but her beauty would have never of itself preserved her superiority. She had a certain *esprit* that came in aid and sustained her pre-eminence long after her good personal attractions had departed. This was her secret, and it has enabled her without the advantages of great fortune, of aristocratic birth or any possession more than may be found any day in thousands of her sex, to hold a place in aristocratic circles here, such as is given to few. What the advantages of the man she has delighted to honor may be, I do not know, except that he has long been remarkable for his handsome person; but in refusing to unite her fate with Mr. Howard, the recently appointed Minister at Florence, in the room of the Marquis of Normanby, and formerly Chargé d'Affairs at Paris, she has certainly shown an example of the wit which has so powerfully come in aid of her beauty; for of all diplomatic fools, surely few so great as he."

LAMARTINE'S SUBSCRIPTION A FAILURE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "I am sorry to hear on all hands that the Lamartine subscription has proved a complete failure. It is a characteristic feature of the French nation that, however great and genuine their enthusiasm, it never stands the financial test—their feelings invariably subside when they have to put their hands into their pockets."

PRUSSIA.

WHAT LIFE THE NEW PRINCESS LEADS.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "I had an opportunity on Good Friday of seeing the Princess at the English chapel, where I was seated only a few yards from her Royal Highness, and must modify and flatly correct the description I gave you of her *exterieur* in one of my former reports. Her figure is certainly *petite*, and she has nothing *distingué* about her, but the expression of her countenance is remarkably attractive. She has sweet, dove-like eyes, a nice little mouth, and the finest teeth in the world. There is an air of innocence and frank ingenuousness diffused over her that is perfectly charming; simple in her dress and manner, she looks more like the wife or daughter of a plain American farmer than the scion of one of the oldest and proudest royal houses in Christendom. As to her having carroty hair, that is a most atrocious libel; it is light brown or chestnut, sleek and glossy, and quite in keeping with the whole contour of her face. Altogether she is really a 'winsome wee thing,' whom any man might be happy to call his own. I am told she feels very much annoyed at the strict etiquette she is obliged to observe here, and which is quite at variance with her tastes and inclinations. Her first lady of the bedchamber, the Countess Perporcher, a formal old duenna of the *ancien régime*, is continually lecturing her upon the duties of her rank, and as continually aghast at the indiscreet condescension and unsophisticated *naïveté* of the poor little Princess, who can not be made to understand that she ought to talk, think, walk, ride, stand, sit, in fact do every thing different to other people. The other day, jumping up to look out of the window, she found the glass covered with steam, and snatched up a handkerchief to wipe it off herself, at which the Lady of the Bedchamber almost went into fits. Madame de Perporcher has called in the Princess of Prussia to her assistance; and what between her mother-in-law and her first Lady of the Bedchamber, the poor young creature leads a sad life of it; fortunately her husband is sincerely attached to her, and this probably makes up for the little annoyances inseparable from the station she occupies. She is said to idolize her husband, who is certainly a very fine young man—in person a good deal like his uncle, the late Emperor Nicholas, whom he resembles, too, in the somewhat stern expression of his eye, though he is not quite so tall, and his form is slighter and less symmetrical."

INDIA.

HOW LUCKNOW WAS TAKEN.

The Bombay correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the attack on Lucknow, having dates from thence only to 15th: "Upon establishing himself on the further side of the river, Sir James Outram proceeded to force his way upward, thus completely enfilading the enemy's line of works along the canal. Then the Commander-in-Chief, with the second division, under Sir Edward Lugard, stormed and took the Martinière, after a heavy cannonade, and with slight loss. This done, he advanced over the canal and seized the line of works which Outram had turned and rendered untenable by his fire. This took place apparently on the 9th. On the 10th a house and inclosure, known by the name of its former occupant Major Banks, in rear of the line of works, was occupied with little loss. The next position of the enemy that the troops came upon was the Begum's Palace. This was stormed on the 11th by the 93d Highlanders, supported by the 42d, with the loss of Captain Macdonald killed, and about 100 other casualties. Simultaneously with this attack, Sir James Outram, on the farther side of the river, having forced his way upward through the low suburbs and over the King's garden and other inclosures, occupied the stone bridge above the town, destroying another 500 of the enemy who held it. In these operations he lost Captain Moosum, of the Staff, and an officer of the Rifle Brigade. On the same or the following day, the 12th, the Commander-in-Chief pursued his advantage by occupying the buildings in advance of the Begum's Palace. This movement brought him in front of the strongest of the enemy's positions, the Imaumbarrah. On the 13th, a sap was run up toward the wall of this inclosure, and a breach having been effected by the artillery, the place was assaulted at nine in the morning of the 14th. The Imaumbarrah was carried, and our troops, pressing close upon the flying enemy, entered the Kaiserbagh, or King's Palace which Outram had busily shelled, the last, I believe, of the formidable positions of the enemy, and, after a hard fight which lasted all the remainder of the day, obtained complete occupation of it, capturing twenty-two guns. Then the routed enemy began to fly from the city. Outram crossed the iron-bridge over the river and fell upon them in their rear, the thunder of the chief's artillery still crashing upon their front and flanks. One line of retreat lay open to them—that to the northwest, toward Rochilcund. On the 15th Sir Colin, finding that the enemy were availing themselves largely of this opening, dispatched after them at two o'clock in the morning a brigade of cavalry and artillery, under Brigadier Campbell, who moved to the left from his position in front of the Alumbagh. Sir Hope Grant, with one thousand sabres and two troops of horse artillery, was sent out in co-operation, but on the north side of the river, along the Seetapore road, which leads direct into Rohilcund, and a heavy battery, with a brigade of infantry, were to follow him on the 16th."

THE BAGGAGE OF THE ARMY.

Mr. Russell, of the *Times*, continues his admirable letters, from which we give the following extracts:

"I have already attempted to give some notion of the magnitude of the various *impedimenta*—necessary as they are, still they deserve the Cæsarean title—of an Indian army; but I feel that nothing but an actual ocular demonstration can give an idea on the subject to any one who has not seen troops in the field on Eastern warfare. Numbers fail to impress the mind, and the impression produced by a statement to the effect that we have many thousands of elephants, camels, horses, oxen, and camp-followers is most vague and unsatisfactory. Who can really bring before his mind's eye a train of baggage animals twenty-five miles long—a string of 16,000 camels—a siege train park covering a square of 400 by 400 yards, with 12,000 oxen attached to it, or a following of 60,000 non-combatants? But to the Commander-in-Chief each and all must be ever present—ever be an object of anxiety—a thing to be provided for and taken care of. It seems to me even now that no reduction could be made in these several items without impairing the efficiency of the troops, and some doubts I had on the subject of dooly, or litter carriage, have been dissipated by conversation with officers of experience. To each company of a regiment there are ten doolies attached, and to each dooly are attached six coolies, or porters, who receive eight rupees a month each for their services. You will thus have for each regiment on an average 80 doolies and 480 coolies, and yet you only provide for the carriage of 80 wounded men per regiment; but if horse ambulances were introduced matters would not be improved, inasmuch as to each *horse* of the ambulance you would have to attach a grass-cutter, and the loss of comfort to the wounded would be very great.

THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

"Most of the regiments are in an efficient state, but the Highlanders are conspicuous, not only for their costume, but for their steady and martial air on parade and in the field. As they marched off in the early gray of the morning, with the pipes playing (really this time) "The Campbells are Coming," one caught a vision of the interior of Lucknow through the dancing sheen of their arms. The Chief inspected them, and seemed highly pleased with what he saw. As for himself, he wears a serviceable air, which bespeaks confidence and resolution, and gives a notion of hard work and success. Every thing about him is for service, even down to the keen-edged sabre, in a coarse leather sheath, not dangling and clattering from his side, and hitting the flanks of his horse, from gaudy sling belts, but tucked up compactly by a stout shoulder-belt just over his hip. Not that Sir Colin wishes to be looked on as a *beau sabreur* —he would 'drop on' to any of his staff whom he saw riding about with his sword drawn—but that he thinks most likely if a man wears a weapon it ought to be as handy and as ready as may be; and so of his nether man, not clothed in regulation, with gold stripes, but in stout brown corduroy, warranted to wear in any climate. The chief of the staff and the officers of the staff, for the most part, follow the example of the Commander-in-Chief, who leads the fashion in camp. Soon after they marched dark clouds began to rise rapidly over the plain—the lightning flashed in the distance, the thunder rolled heavily. Soon there came sweeping fast down upon us a cavalry of sticks, straw, and blinding dust, behind which marched columns of rain. Our tent men (*kelassies*) were busy driving in the tent-pegs and closing the flaps when this enemy made its appearance, and before it reached us our defenses were completed. In a few minutes more there was a thunder-storm overhead and a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by wind, but it passed on rapidly, and seemed to pursue the columns which had marched from camp.

SIR COLIN AND THE LADIES.

"The Agra convoy came in to Cawnpore to-day (Feb. 23), and thus one great cause of anxiety has been removed from the mind of the chief. These ladies and their little ones have been a most embarrassing ingredient in his calculations. At Lucknow he was in a fever at the various small delays which they considered necessary, and, courteous as he is to women, he for once was obliged to be a 'little stern' when he found the dear creatures a little unreasonable. In order to make a proper effect, most of the ladies came out in their best gowns and bonnets. Whether 'Betty gave the cheek' a little touch of red or not, I can not say, but I am assured the array of fashion, though somewhat behind the season, owing to the difficulty of communicating with the Calcutta *modistes*, was very creditable. Sir Colin got fidgety when he found himself made a *maître d'etiquette* and an *arbiter morum* among piles of bandboxes, 'best bonnets,' and 'these few little clothes trunks;' but he sustained his position with unflinching fortitude, till at length, when he thought he had 'seen the last of them' out of the place, two young ladies came trippingly in, wisked about the residency for a short time, and then, with nods and smiles, departed, saying graciously, 'We'll be back again presently.' 'No, ladies, no; you'll be good enough to do nothing of the kind,' exclaimed he; 'you have been here quite long enough, I am sure, and I have had quite enough trouble in getting you out of it.' The Agra ladies ought to have been ready long ago. They were warned over and over again, but—. Well, it's the old story. It's rather a bad joke—too bad to be appreciated—to keep a husband waiting while 'one is putting on one's bonnet,' but when the cares of the toilet prove an obstacle which an army can not overcome, which frustrate strategic combinations, delay great sieges, and affect the fortunes of a whole campaign, it is sufficient to make generals, at all events, wish that good mother Eve's earlier style was now in fashion among her daughters.

AN INDIAN BOADICEA.

"The Begum certainly does not conceal her apprehensions of the result of our operations, and is vehement with prayers and tears to the chiefs to make one great onslaught upon us ere we complete our batteries. Overcoming her timidity, she appeared in the field on the attack of the 25th, mounted on an elephant, but, as that sagacious animal never remains within range, it is probable she was not a very near spectatress of the fight. On one occasion she astonished the Durbar, and almost shamed them out of their senses. In an indignant harangue, with all the fire of Rachel making a grand *coup de théâtre*, she suddenly tore her vail from her face (which is said to be a very handsome one), and denounced them for their inactivity, and for their indifference to the wrongs of their countrywomen. I am told one must be an Asiatic to understand the full force of this demonstration. What the poor lady will do when Sir Colin makes his appearance this morning at Dilkoosha I can not conjecture. If she could but have seen the troops march this morning she would have been any thing but comforted. Lugard's division consists of the Third Brigade, consisting of the 34th (part detached), 38th, and 52d Regiments, and of the Fourth Brigade, formed of the 42d Regiment, 93d Regiment, and 4th Punjab Rifles. Soon after they marched dark clouds began to rise rapidly over the plain; the lightning flashed in the distance, the thunder rolled heavily.

"We have just heard from Sir James Outram's camp that the enemy came out in great force this morning (March 2), and attacked the position at the Alumbagh very much in the same way as on the 21st. They advanced in great numbers on the right, but Sir James Outram moved out a force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry to intercept them, and a very brisk action took place, in which we utterly defeated them and captured two guns. The Begum and her officers came out on elephants to view the fight, and soon left the field. We had two or three men killed and ten wounded, among the latter of whom are Colonel Berkeley and Captain Moorsom."

YEH'S VOYAGE TO HIS PRISON.

A letter from Singapore, dated March 1, says: "The *Inflexible* arrived here this morning, on her way to Calcutta. Yeh has endured the discomfort of his sea-sickness much better than we expected. He eats a great deal, sleeps a great deal, and washes very little. He may be pronounced, therefore, to be in very good case, and we hope to deliver him over to the Governor-General safe and sound. It was said at Hong Kong that Lord Elgin has left it to the discretion of Lord Canning to detain him at Calcutta, or to send him to England. Should the Governor-General resolve upon the latter course, Yeh will make but an intractable London lion. You will never get him to shake his mane and roar. In my next letter from Calcutta I hope to be able to give the first full-length study of a first-class Mandarin that has ever been submitted to the Western world."

THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL DRAWING-ROOM.

WASHINGTON, *21st April*, 1858.

Yes, it was the last. It seems a very formal, uninteresting performance—to dress in elaborate costume, to spend hours over one's toilet-table, to throw away six months' pin-money on a single *toilette*, and, after all, to be merely hustled through a crowd up to the President, who says, in his stereotyped way, that we are growing younger and rosier as time floats o'er us; to bow to Miss Lane, who is ever graceful and kind-looking; and to squeeze one's way out at ten, or half-past; but *que voulez-vous?* it is the fashion, and we take to it kindly.

When I received your letter, Mr. Editor, I will tell you frankly, I read it at breakfast. Papa said (I can't repeat exactly his words, he has fallen into such a shocking habit of using vulgar words since he went to Congress) that you were very impertinent, and that I ought to write you a sharp letter, setting you down. Mamma (who reads the *Weekly* from the Contents to the Advertisements, and thinks it the only family paper worth taking—an opinion, by-the-way, in which many of our friends concur) said, that as you had been so polite as to print my tale, entitled "Our Charley," and my poems, the least I could do was to comply with your request, and write you an account of the Reception. Between the two I should have been puzzled, but that Senator —— happened to come in at that moment. I would have you to know, Mr. Editor, that there is nothing at all between the Senator and me, whatever gossips may have told you on the subject. We happen to like each other's society—at least, he likes mine, and I don't hate him; but we are both of us too reasonable to think of being more than mere friends. So I referred the question to him, and he agreed to decide it.

He said that in his State every respectable family had *Harper's Weekly* on their drawing-room table; that you didn't find it in the taverns or bar-rooms; but that wherever refined women were, there you were sure to see the *Weekly*. Therefore he judged that I could do no harm in complying with your request. As to the question which papa—rather unfairly, I think—raised, whether it was proper to go to a man's house, and then write an account of what you saw there, as though it was a hotel or a theatre, Senator —— observed that no analogy existed between a Presidential mansion and a private house. "Presidential drawing-rooms," he said, "are public ceremonials; people don't go there as private friends of Mr. Buchanan, but as loyal citizens, desirous of paying respect to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. For the time that he is President," he added, "Mr. Buchanan ceases to exist as a private individual. He becomes an institution—the Executive—and has no more claim to privacy in the discharge of his public duties—one of which is the entertainment of the people—than Congress or the Supreme Court. Just so with his surroundings. The White House is not a private residence. It is a public building, in the fullest sense of the term; and every person therein, who officiates in any ostensible capacity, from the door-keeper to the honored lady who receives the guests, is a public functionary for the time being, and has no more claim to exemption from the inseparable inconveniences of publicity than Chief Justice Taney or Secretary Cass. Therefore, my dear Maria" (the Senator is an old friend, and takes the liberty of calling me by my Christian name), "my advice is, that you comply with the request of the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and furnish him with the report he desires. I am bound to say that he writes very much like a gentleman."

I always follow the Senator's advice. Accordingly, last evening, as he happened to call just as we were going to the drawing-room, I agreed to accompany him in his carriage, while papa and mamma drove together in theirs. [To tell you the truth, I hope you won't print this sentence—since the hoop fashion came in we ladies absolutely require a whole carriage-seat to ourselves.] We arrived at the White House just as the first of the guests were coming in. The Senator—he knows every thing, and is so quiet and thoughtful—took me by some quiet passage to the door of the dressing-room; I had managed so well that I wasn't crumpled in the least.

MISS LANE, THE LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Dear Mr. Editor, I wish you could have ensconced some of your famous artists—Mr. Hoppin, or Mr. Parsons—in a corner of that room while the dressing went on. I do believe that half an hour in that room—remember, no males are ever admitted—would enlarge even the greatest lady-killer's knowledge of the sex. The first person I met there was Mrs. ——, of New York (you know her, she is *gigantic*); she was in an agony. She wore—dare I mention it?—steel hoops, and an accident had happened to them, in consequence of her persisting in bringing her brother (as stout as she is) in the carriage with her. She wanted a doctor to be sent for, and—privately, to me—she confessed that she had fears of lock-jaw. Her sister, who married the member from Wisconsin, and who has become *un peu sauvage* in that wild region, interrupted her confidences with, "Bother, Mary Jane! stick a bit of court-plaster on the place!" I suggested that the lady should ascertain, by actual experiment, whether the accident had lamed her; and, on witnessing her performance, I was compelled to confess that her walk—which resembles that of a heavily-laden vessel in a ground-swell—was uncommonly natural.

Other ladies were vociferous about their attire. A new regulation of the White House obliges every guest to surrender their outer clothing (I mean, of course, their cloaks, etc.) to the keeping of a guardian, who delivers a receipt for them in the shape of a numbered ticket. Frantic were the struggles which accompanied this surrender. Cloaks, shawls, hoods, gaiters, hats, gloves—all the indescribable articles of female attire—were roughly made up into bundles by the female Cerberus, and phlegmatically deposited in appropriate receptacles. It seemed to be the prevailing impression among some of the Western ladies that the ticket arrangement was fraudulently intended, and that they had taken leave of their property forever.

Of course the Senator was waiting at the door when I sallied forth in proper costume. He himself, as he always is, was *sans reproche*. Old as his enemies say he is, dear Mr. Editor, you would agree with me in calling him *very* handsome, if you saw him when he takes pains with himself. And when he squeezed my hand (you know he is *so* intimate with us that he can do what he likes without meaning any thing), and said, "Dear Maria, I feel so proud at having you on my arm!" I assure you I felt as if—as if—well, as if I could have loved him if he had asked me.

We entered the procession toward the Scarlet Room. In front of us was the famous Mr. ——, of Massachusetts, whose family made so much money in the slave-trade that they are able to afford the finest diamonds in the country. Mrs. —— certainly wore, as the wicked Senator observed, a cargo of healthy negroes on her back. Before them was my father's barber—a fine, jovial-looking person—who is a great friend of Mr. Stoeckel's, the Russian Minister; they say that the Russian has offered to make him a Prince if he will only go to St. Petersburg, but the barberess objects to crossing the Atlantic, sea voyages agreeing so badly with her. Behind us followed the Minister Plenipotentiary of Timbuctoo, who was covered with gold and diamonds. He was a very fierce abolitionist when he came here, but now he goes for slavery to any lengths, and won't have a Northern man at his dinners (where, the Senator tells me, no man is allowed to leave his chair till he has emptied at least one bottle). I noticed, still further in the rear, the whilom belle from Virginia, Miss ——, who had the sad affair with the German Count two years since. She was on the arm of a clerk in one of the Departments. They say she is going to marry him. She is very unhappy about it now; he will be hereafter.

Mr. Priggery Snob, who stood near the President, delayed the procession some time by his civilities to Miss —— ——, the great heiress. Poor Snob is quite a personage in these days; he dispenses honors and civilities with the air of a Prince, and to listen to him, you would suppose that he had the disposal of the Executive patronage, and the control of the nation at large. It is generally supposed that he will marry Miss —— —— before long, and the little child seems quite solicitous to have a connection of some kind with the political world. I trust poor Priggery will not waste time. A couple of years will make many changes; let him make hay while he can.

Miss Lane looked charming in a plain white dress. I send you a sketch of her, which was made surreptitiously by a dear friend of mine, and which we all think uncommonly like. She is queenly in appearance, and though some people say she resembles what Queen Victoria was fifteen years ago, I think the remark must have been made originally by some loyal Englishman who wanted to compliment her Majesty.

Few ladies in this country have had so brilliant a career as Miss Lane. Born in the quiet County of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, she spent her childhood in that beautiful region. She had the misfortune to lose both her parents at an early age, and became an inmate of the home of her uncle, the present Chief Magistrate. She accompanied him to London, when he went out as United States Minister to the Court of St. James, and won many an English heart by her unaffected kindness and genial amiability. She looks so English that many of her friends across the water affected to disbelieve that she was an American. Having done the honors of the bachelor Minister's mansion at the most stately Court in the world, it was natural that she should be solicited to continue to grace her uncle's household when he entered upon the higher function of President of the United States. Her reign over the gayeties of Washington commenced, accordingly,

PREPARING FOR THE RECEPTION—THE NECK-TIE.

with the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan, and I assure you it is the unanimous opinion here that our ball-rooms never had such a Queen. Miss Lane, as you are probably aware, is a blonde, with handsome features and a commanding figure.

But I must bring this scrawl to a close.

The return home was uneventful. In the cloak-room there was the usual gossip about the toilet and looks of the reigning belles. Miss ——, of California, seemed to command the greatest number of suffrages for the title of Belle of the Drawing-room; though Miss ——, of New York, a fair lady from Tennessee, and a sweet creature from Massachusetts (I can not really give names, or even initials) pressed her close. But every body agreed that Miss —— (who, by-the-way, once gave herself airs as though she was going to marry my friend Senator ——) had terribly fallen off, and was positively a fright.

Maria ——.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VII.

The public man needs but one patron—viz., THE LUCKY MOMENT.

"At his house in Carlton Gardens, Guy Darrell, Esq., for the season."

Simple insertion in the pompous list of Fashionable Arrivals!—the name of a plain commoner imbedded in the amber which glitters with so many coronets and stars! Yet such is England, with all its veneration for titles, that the eyes of the public passed indifferently over the rest of that chronicle of illustrious "whereabouts," to rest with interest, curiosity, speculation, on the unemblazoned name which but a day before had seemed slipped out of date—obsolete as that of an actor who figures no more in play-bills. Unquestionably the sensation excited was due, in much, to the "ambiguous voices" which Colonel Morley had disseminated throughout the genial atmosphere of Club-rooms. "Arrived in London for the season!" he, the orator, once so famous, long so forgotten, who had been out of the London world for the space of more than half a generation. "Why now? why for the season?" quoth the Colonel. "He is still in the prime of life as a public man, and—a CRISIS is at hand!"

But that which gave weight and significance to Alban Morley's hints, was the report in the newspapers of Guy Darrell's visit to his old constituents, and of the short speech he had addressed to them, to which he had so slightly referred in his conversation with Alban. True, the speech *was* short: true, it touched but little on passing topics of political interest—rather alluding, with modesty and terseness, to the contests and victories of a former day. But still, in the few words there was the swell of the old clarion—the wind of the Paladin's horn which woke Fontarabian echoes.

It is astonishing how capricious, how sudden are the changes in value of a public man. All depends upon whether the public want, or believe they want, the man; and that is a question upon which the public do not know their own minds a week before; nor do they always keep in the same mind, when made up, for a week together. If they do not want a man—if he do not hit the taste, nor respond to the exigency of the time—whatever his eloquence, his abilities, his virtues, they push him aside, or cry him down. Is he wanted?—does the mirror of the moment reflect his image?—that mirror is an intense magnifier; his proportions swell

HORROR OF STOUT SENATOR AT SIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS GARMENT LEFT IN PLACE OF HIS OWN SUBSTANTIAL GREAT-COAT.

THE GLOVES.

—they become gigantic. At that moment the public wanted some man; and the instant the hint was given, "Why not Guy Darrell?" Guy Darrell was seized upon as *the* man wanted. It was one of those times in our Parliamentary history when the public are out of temper with all parties—when recognized leaders have contrived to damage themselves—when a Cabinet is shaking, and the public neither care to destroy nor to keep it; a time, too, when the country seemed in some danger, and when, mere men of business held unequal to the emergency, whatever name suggested associations of vigor, eloquence, genius, rose to a premium above its market-price in times of tranquillity and tape. Without effort of his own—by the mere force of the under-current—Guy Darrell was thrown up from oblivion into note. He could not form a cabinet—certainly not; but he might help to bring a cabinet together, reconcile jarring elements, adjust disputed questions, take in such government some high place, influence its councils, and delight a public weary of the oratory of the day with the eloquence of a former race. For the public is ever a *laudator temporis acti*, and whatever the authors or the orators immediately before it, were those authors and orators Homers and Ciceros, would still shake a disparaging head, and talk of these degenerate days, as Homer himself talked ages before Leonidas stood in the Pass of Thermopylæ, or Miltiades routed Asian armaments at Marathon. Guy Darrell belonged to a former race. The fathers of those young Members rising now into fame, had quoted to their sons his pithy sentences, his vivid images; and added, as Fox added when quoting Burke, "but you should have heard and seen the man!"

Heard and seen the man! But there he was again!—come

THESE HIGHLY RESPECTABLE PARTIES WERE NOT ASKED TO THE RECEPTION.

up as from a grave—come up to the public just when such a man was wanted. Wanted how? wanted where? Oh, somehow and somewhere! There he is! make the most of him.

The house in Carlton Gardens is prepared, the establishment mounted. Thither flock all the Viponts—nor they alone; all the chiefs of all parties—nor they alone; all the notabilities of our grand metropolis. Guy Darrell might be startled at his own position; but he comprehended its nature, and it did not discompose his nerves. He knew public life well enough to be aware how much the popular favor is the creature of an accident. By chance he had nicked the time; had he thus come to town the season before, he might have continued obscure; a man like Guy Darrell not being wanted then. Whether with or without design, his bearing confirmed and extended the effect produced by his reappearance. Gracious, but modestly reserved—he spoke little, listened beautifully. Many of the questions which agitated all around him had grown up into importance since his day of action; nor in his retirement had he traced their progressive development, with their changeful effects upon men and parties. But a man who has once gone deeply into practical politics might sleep in the cave of Trophonius for twenty years, and find, on waking, very little to learn. Darrell regained the level of the day, and seized upon all the strong points on which men were divided, with the rapidity of a prompt and comprehensive intellect—his judgment perhaps the clearer from the freshness of long repose, and the composure of dispassionate survey. When partisans wranglad as to what should have been done, Darrell was silent; when they asked what should *be* done, out came one of his terse sentences, and a knot was cut. Meanwhile it is true this man, round whom expectations grouped and rumor buzzed, was in neither House of Parliament; but that was rather a delay to his energies than a detriment to his consequence. Important constituencies, anticipating a vacancy, were already on the look-out for him; a smaller constituency, in the interim, Carr Vipont undertook to procure him any day. There was always a Vipont ready to accept something—even the Chiltern Hundreds. But Darrell, not without reason, demurred at re-entering the House of Commons after an absence of seventeen years. He had left it with one of those rare reputations which no wise man likes rashly to imperil. The Viponts sighed. He would certainly be more useful in the Commons than the Lords, but still in the Lords he would be of great use. They would want a debating lord, perhaps a lord acquainted with law in the coming CRISIS;—if he preferred the peerage? Darrell demurred still. The man's modesty was insufferable—his style of speaking might not suit that august assembly; and as to law—he could never now be a law lord—he should be but a ci-devant advocate, affecting the part of a judicial amateur.

In short, without declining to re-enter public life, seeming, on the contrary, to resume all his interest in it, Darrell contrived with admirable dexterity to elude for the present all overtures pressed upon him, and even to convince his admirers, not only of his wisdom but of his patriotism in that reticence. For certainly he thus managed to exercise a very considerable influence—his advice was more sought, his suggestions more heeded, and his power in reconciling certain rival jealousies was perhaps greater than would have been the case if he had actually entered either House of Parliament, and thrown himself exclusively into the ranks, not only of one party, but of one section of a party. Nevertheless, such suspense could not last very long; he must decide at all events before the next session. Once he was seen in the arena of his old triumphs, on the benches devoted to strangers distinguished by the Speaker's order. There, recognized by the older members, eagerly gazed at by the younger, Guy Darrell listened calmly, throughout a long field night, to voices that must have roused from forgotten graves, kindling and glorious memories; voices of those—veterans now—by whose side he had once struggled for some cause which he had then, in the necessary exaggeration of all honest enthusiasm, identified with a nation's life-blood. Voices too of the old antagonists, over whose routed arguments he had marched triumphant amidst applauses that the next day rang again through England from side to side. Hark, the very man with whom, in the old battle-days, he had been the most habitually pitted, is speaking now. His tones are embarrassed—his argument confused. Does he know who listens yonder? Old members think so—smile, whisper each other, and glance significantly where Darrell sits.

Sits, as became him, tranquil, respectful, intent, seemingly, perhaps really, unconscious of the sensation he excites. What an eye for an orator! how like the eye in a portrait! it seems to fix on each other eye that seeks it—steady, fascinating. Yon distant members behind the Speaker's chair, at the far distance, feel the light of that eye travel toward them. How lofty and massive among all those rows of human heads seems that forehead, bending slightly down, with the dark, strong line of the weighty eyebrow! But what is passing within that secret mind? Is there mournfulness in the retrospect? Is there eagerness to renew the strife? Is that interest in the Hour's debate feigned or real? Impossible for him who gazed upon that face to say. And that eye would have seemed to the gazer to read himself through and through to the heart's core, long ere the gazer could hazard a single guess as to the thoughts beneath that marble forehead, as to the emotions within the heart over which, in old senatorial fashion, the arms were folded with so conventional an ease.

CHAPTER VIII.

Darrell and Lionel.

DARRELL had received Lionel with some evident embarrassment, which soon yielded to affectionate warmth. He took to the young man whose fortunes he had so improved; he felt that with the improved fortunes the young man's whole being was improved;—assured position, early commune with the best social circles, in which the equality of fashion smoothes away all disparities in rank, had softened in Lionel much of the wayward and morbid irritability of his boyish pride; but the high spirit, the generous love of independence, the scorn of mercenary calculation, were strong as ever; these were in the grain of his nature. In common with all who in youth aspire to be one day noted from "the undistinguishable many," Lionel had formed to himself a certain ideal standard, above the ordinary level of what the world is contented to call honest, or esteem clever. He admitted into his estimate of life the heroic element, not undesirable even in the most practical point of view, for the world is so in the habit of decrying—of disbelieving in high motives and pure emotions—of daguerreotyping itself with all its ugliest wrinkles, stripped of the true bloom that brightens, of the true expression that redeems, those defects which it invites the sun to limn, that we shall never judge human nature aright, if we do not set out in life with our gaze on its fairest beauties, and our belief in its latent good. In a word, we should begin with the Heroic, if we would learn the Human. But though to himself Lionel thus secretly prescribed a certain superiority of type, to be sedulously aimed at, even if never actually attained, he was wholly without pedantry and arrogance toward his own contemporaries. From this he was saved not only by good-nature, animal spirits, frank hardihood, but by the very affluence of ideas which animated his tongue, colored his language, and whether to young or old, wise or dull, made his conversation racy and original. He was a delightful companion; and if he had taken much instruction from those older and wiser than himself, he so bathed that instruction in the fresh fountain of his own lively intelligence, so warmed it at his own beating, impulsive heart, that he could make an old man's gleanings from experience seem a young man's guesses into truth. Faults he had, of course—chiefly the faults common at his age; among them, perhaps, the most dangerous were—Firstly, carelessness in money matters; secondly, a distaste for advice in which prudence was visibly predominant. His tastes were not in reality extravagant; but money slipped through his hands, leaving little to show for it; and when his quarterly allowance became due, ample though it was—too ample, perhaps—debts wholly forgotten started up to seize hold of it. And debts, as yet being manageable, were not regarded with sufficient horror. Paid or put aside, as the case might be, they were merely looked upon as bores. Youth is in danger till it learn to look upon them as furies. For advice, he took it with pleasure, when clothed with elegance and art—when it addressed ambition—when it exalted the loftier virtues. But advice, practical and prosy, went in at one ear and out at the other. In fact, with many talents, he had yet no adequate ballast of common sense; and if ever he get enough to steady his bark through life's trying voyage, the necessity of so much dull weight must be forcibly striken home less to his reason than his imagination or his heart. But if, some how or other, he get it not, I will not insure his vessel.

I know not if Lionel Haughton had genius; he never assumed that he had; but he had something more like genius than that prototype —RESOLVE—of which he boasted to the artist. He had youth—real youth—youth of mind, youth of heart, youth of soul. Lithe and supple as he moved before you, with the eye to which light or dew sprung at once from a nature vibrating to every lofty, every tender thought, he seemed more than young—the incarnation of youth.

Darrell took to him at once. Amidst all the engagements crowded on the important man, he contrived to see Lionel daily. And what may seem strange, Guy Darrell felt more at home with Lionel Haughton than with any of his own contemporaries—than even with Alban Morley. To the last, indeed, he opened speech with less reserve of certain portions of the past, or of certain projects in the future. But still, even there, he adopted a tone of half-playful, half-mournful satire, which might be in itself disguise. Alban Morley, with all his good qualities, was a man of the world; as a man of the world, Guy Darrell talked to him. But it was only a very small part of Guy Darrell the man of which the world could say "mine."

To Lionel he let out, as if involuntarily, the more amiable, tender, poetic attributes of his varying, complex, uncomprehended character; not professedly confiding, but not taking pains to conceal. Hearing what worldlings would call "Sentiment" in Lionel, he seemed to glide softly down to Lionel's own years, and talk "sentiment" in return. After all, this skilled lawyer, this noted politician, had a great dash of the boy still in him. Reader, did you ever meet a really clever man who had not?

A LOVER'S DREAM.

I.

'TWAS when the spousal time of May
  Hangs all the hedge with bridal wreaths,
And air's so sweet the bosom gay
  Gives thanks for every breath it breathes,
When like to like is gladly moved,
  And each thing joins in Spring's refrain,
"Let those love now, who never loved;
  Let those who have loved love again;"
That I, in whom the sweet time wrought,
  Lay stretch'd within a lonely glade,
Abandon'd to delicious thought
  Beneath the softly twinkling shade.
The leaves, all stirring, mimick'd well
  A neighboring rush of rivers cold,
And, as the sun or shadow fell,
  So these were green and those were gold;
In masses dim, blue hyacinths droop'd,
  And breadths of primrose cool'd the air,
Which, wandering through the woodland, stoop'd
  And gather'd perfumes here and there;
Upon the spray the squirrel swung,
  And careless songsters, six or seven,
Sang lofty songs the leaves among,
  Fit for their only listener, Heaven.
I sigh'd, "Immeasurable bliss
  Gains nothing by becoming more!
Millions have meaning; after this
  Ciphers forget the integer."

II.

And so I mused, till musing brought
  A dream that shook my house of clay,
And, in my humbled heart, I thought:
  To me there yet may come a day
When o'er my head great waters roll,
  And this poor hope is all I have,
That faith, though helpless to console,
  May still be strong enough to save;
And this the single vestige seen
  Of comfort, earthly or divine,
The thing I suffer must have been
  Her portion, had it not been mine.
Then I, who knew, from watching life,
  That blows prepared for seldom fall,
Rehearsed the losing of a wife,
  And faced its terrors each and all.
The self-chastising fancy show'd
  The coffin with its ghastly breath;
The innocent sweet face that owed
  None of its innocence to death;
The lips that used to talk; the knell
  That bade the world beware of mirth;
The heartless and intolerable
  Indignity of "earth to earth;"
Love's still recurrent jubilees,
  Each dropping on my life like lead;
At morn remembering by degrees
  That she I dream'd about was dead;
The duties of my life the same,
  Their meaning for the feelings gone;
Friendship impertinent, and fame
  Disgusting; and, more harrowing none,
Small household troubles fall'n to me,
  As, "What time would I dine to-day?"
And, oh, how could I bear to see
  Her noisy children at their play!
Besides, where all things limp and halt,
  It could not chance that I alone
Should keep my love without default
  Pitch'd at the true and heavenly tone:
Some festal-day might come to mind
  That miss'd the gift which more endears;
Some hour which might have been more kind,
  And now less fertile in vain tears;
Some little wrong, now greatly rued;
  Remorse of misesteem'd delight,
And love, in disbelieving mood,
  Deserting his celestial height;
The thought that God in grace sent grief
  To make me less the world's, and more
Meek-hearted: ah, what sick relief!
  Why bow'd I not my heart before?

III.

"Oh, Heav'n," I cried, with chill alarm,
  "If this fantastic horror shows
The feature of an actual harm!"
  And, coming straight to Sarum Close,
As one that dreams his wife is dead,
  And can not in his slumber weep,
And moans upon his wretched bed,
  And wakes, and finds her there asleep,
And laughs and sighs, so I, not less
  Relieved, beheld, with blissful start,
The light and happy loveliness
  Which lay so heavy on my heart.

THREE HOURS IN A LONDON DRAIN.

FIELD LANE is now a thing of the past. That odd-looking bower of dangling silk-banners, beneath which a colony of filthy Jew-fences with villainous faces, and fat Jewesses stinted in skirt and bare of elbow, burrowed and sweltered in darkness and foul vapors, has at length vanished. London has lost something by the loss of Field Lane.

For more than five-and-twenty years I never came within sight of it without a shudder; and never passed, in all that time, its Holborn outlet without involuntarily quickening my pace until it was at least fifty yards in the rear. I am glad at last to see it razed to the ground. You will hardly wonder at that if you read what I am now going to set down.

In the summer of 1832 I was a young blockhead just turned twenty-one: to be sure, what an ass I was, half fop and all fool! I had served my time down in Suffolk (I sha'n't say where), and had learned my trade as a hair-dresser, by dint of seven years' practice, tolerably well. At the expiration of my apprenticeship, I came up to town with all my fortune—above a hundred pounds—in my pocket, intending to see the world and enjoy myself before I settled down to business.

Well, I did enjoy myself, notwithstanding. Every thing was a pleasure to me in those days—and then, as to Vauxhall, the theatres, the dancing-rooms, the free-and-easies, the shades—I thought them Paradise itself. I made friends with some young fellows as silly as myself, and together we flattered ourselves we "did the thing"—and many a preposterous and senseless thing we certainly did.

One day, having made an appointment to dine with one of these chance acquaintances, I was proceeding in full costume along Holborn toward the place of assignation, when a mop-headed, ragged urchin ran against me, and nearly tripped me up; and the next moment I discovered that I had lost my handkerchief from my pocket. I was too green to suspect the little vagabond of having taken it—besides, he had disappeared. The loss was nothing; it was only the trouble of purchasing another. I proceeded onward on the look-out for a shop, when I came suddenly upon the entrance to Field Lane, which disclosed to my view thousands of handkerchiefs dangling from walls, and lines, and open windows; and up I walked to make my selection. The queer aspect of the place tickled my fancy, and amused me much—the chaffering, squabbling, and bawling—the coarse jokes I heard, the odd faces that peeped out on all sides—the myriads of silken spoils that fluttered around and aloft—all struck me with an agreeable sense of novelty, and, being in no hurry, and thinking I might as well see the whole of it, I wandered from end to end of the lane before troubling myself about the business in hand. The sirens of the place, plump and unctuous, paid me marked attention, and would fain have entrapped me into a bargain, but I was callous to their compliments, and held on my way. Having at length satisfied my curiosity, I retraced my steps, and entering a shop at hazard, demanded to be shown some of the best of the wares. The shop was a sort of shed-looking chamber, which was almost empty; the whole of the merchandise having been transferred to the lines and poles without, where, as it hung thick as leaves on a tree, it completely obscured the view of what was passing in the lane. The man who rose up from behind the counter in answer to my challenge, seemed to my first view all nose and scrubby hair; but a pair of dark-black eyes twinkled beneath one broad bush of brow that covered them both, and his bristly jaw contorted with a grin as he asked: "Didg' yer vant de verra pest, ma tear?"

Of course I wanted the best, and was not particular as to price.

The fellow eyed me leisurely all over as I gave him to understand that much, and no doubt he took my measure to a hair. "Den, vill de shentleman shtep into de vareus, and look at some vot is fust-rate?"

He opened a whitewashed door at the end of the shop, and beckoned me to follow him. I obeyed; and threading a dark, narrow passage, some few paces in length, was shown into a chamber not more than ten feet square, lighted by a small window in the roof, and totally empty, with the exception of what seemed a huge seaman's chest, a short bench, and some tools and billets of wood lying about, together with a dozen or so of big, square paving-stones, which seemed to have been brought in from Holborn, which was then undergoing repair.

The Jew produced a bunch of keys from his pocket, and ejaculating, "Ha, ha, ma tear! I shall show yer de pootiful gootsh!" began fumbling at the lock of the chest to open it. But somehow it would not open, and defied all his efforts, till the fellow began to curse the lock, and work himself into a passion with it. He stamped and bawled, and anathematized some absent old woman, who, he swore bitterly, had been meddling, and had hampered the lock.

At first, the fellow's antics amused me; but all at once it struck me that the passion was unnatural and feigned; and now the queer reports I had heard of London traps and villainies rushed to my recollection; and I began immediately to suspect that all was not as it should be. I turned toward the door, intending to regain the shop, when it suddenly flew open, and a figure in the guise of an old woman, supporting herself on a crutch, barred the way.

I say, in the guise of an old woman; for if that apparition was of the female sex, then I am the man in the moon. I had mown too many masculine beards during the last seven years to be mistaken on that point: the seeming old woman was a sturdy ruffian of forty, not two hours shaved—I saw it at a glance; and the sight sent all the blood in my veins bounding back to its source.

The Jew lanched a torrent of abuse at his confederate, and demanded the key of the chest. I was too much prepossessed to note his acts or to hear much he said. I endeavored to maintain a careless air, but could not withdraw my gaze from the pretended old woman. I heard the box-lid thrown back, and the voice of the Jew extolling the wares within. I made a feint of turning to look at them; and at the same moment I saw the petticoated ruffian feeling with his left hand for what seemed a fragment of a broomstick, which leaned against the wall behind the door. Something—perhaps my better angel—gave me courage. I dashed at the object myself, and seized it firmly in my grasp—*it was a painted bar of iron.* My worst suspicions were confirmed in an instant; and at the same moment the villains who had me in their toils threw off the mask. The bigger ruffian lifted his crutch with both hands, and aimed a savage blow, which I luckily caught on the iron bar, and which shivered the crutch to fragments. Almost at the same moment the Jew grappled me by the throat. I dashed the heel of the bar into his face, and he flew to the end of the room, carrying my lavender-silk neck-tie and diamond pin in his hand. I expected the bulkier assassin would close; but instead of that he planted his back against the door—now firmly shut—and shielded himself with the remnant of his crutch. No time was to be lost—the Jew would recover himself and return to the attack in an instant—heavy tools were lying about—I should be beaten down and slain. Madly I rushed toward the door, and was in the act of poising my weapon for a blow which should crush the skull of the burly ruffian, spite of his fence, when suddenly the whole scene shot upward into the air; the last thing I saw was the fire-flashing eye and demoniac grin of my opponent—and I was falling, falling in a gulf of pitchy darkness.

Men of genius talk and write very fine things about the wondrous celerity of thought, and the

freaks of imagination and memory under certain circumstances. I don't understand that kind of subject myself; but it's all true they say, nevertheless. In those most horrible moments I saw myself a child in arms—a boy at school—an apprentice, shaving my master's customers in the old shop—and, what is more, I saw myself dead and dashed to pieces at the bottom of a frightful dungeon, and my mangled body stripped and plundered, then packed away in a hole, out of the world forever.

But this terrible vision was not destined to be realized. Instead of dashing on the floor of a dungeon, I fell souse into a mass of filthy fluid, the odor of which informed me at once that I had been hurled into the common sewer. The drain was deep, and I had to exercise some skill as a swimmer before I found my feet. Even then I stood up to the armpits in the vile liquid, the effluvia of which threatened to poison me with every breath I drew. Happily, I had suffered no serious bodily injury by my fall, the force of which had been neutralized by the water. I looked up just as the trap-door through which I had descended was in the act of closing—saw it raised to its level, and heard the villains slipping the bolt that secured it. What was to be done? I gave myself up for lost. If I cried out, none were likely to hear me save the fiends who had compassed my destruction, which any alarm on my part would only goad them to complete. I had not relinquished the iron bar, but still clutched it mechanically, and I now began groping with it in the dense darkness, to ascertain, if possible, in what direction to proceed to escape, if it might be, from the ruffians' power. I found that I stood in the centre of the channel, in which a slow current ran in one direction, as I judged toward the river. The water shallowed toward the sides. I crept involuntarily to the side farthest from the trap above my head, where the flood scarcely reached to my knees. A deadly shiver came over me, and I felt about with my hands for some place of rest, as I fancied my senses were leaving me. Thank Heaven, that did not take place! A rough sort of buttress of old brickwork projected from the bank, and in the angle of that I crouched half in the water, and tried to collect my wandering faculties. I was hardly ensconced in this position, when a dull gleam shimmered faintly on the surface of the filthy water. I knew it must come from the trap-door overhead, and waited in horror for what it might portend—half-expecting to see the ruffian masquerader descend, knife in hand, to make sure of his work. I held my breath, for I knew that the villains were listening, and that the slightest sound from me would seal my doom. Then I heard a lumbering noise above, and the next moment down came a shower of the monster paving-stones which would have crushed the life out of an ox had they fallen upon him. Then the trap closed once more, and again all was darkness.

How long I crouched there, devoured with terror and apprehension, I can not say. To me it appeared an age; it may not have been a dozen minutes. I had come to the conclusion that there I should die, and rot piecemeal, and never be discovered; and there I should have died, it is my opinion, if a new cause of apprehension had not roused me. While I was in the lowest state of despondency a red gleam shot along the dark water, from the distance of some thirty feet up the stream. I looked, and there, through a hole in the overhanging arch, caused by knocking out a few bricks, appeared the face of the Jew, still bleeding from the compliment I had administered, and wild with mingled rage, pain, and anxiety. The wretch held a horse-pistol in one hand, and in the other a lantern furnished with a bull's eye, which threw its searching rays to whatever point he turned it. I was sure now that my hour was come; but lo! when the flash was turned in my direction, its full force fell on the intervening buttress, and by lying still as I was I could remain effectually concealed.

Through a small crevice I watched the face of the Jew as he turned his piercing eyes in every direction, and I thought I read in it at length his conviction that I had perished—a conclusion to which he may have been helped by the sight of my hat cast up in the shallows on one side. In that case, I asked myself, what would he do? Would he not descend with his comrade to find and plunder my body? I had not a doubt of it—and my only chance lay in making my escape before they executed their purpose. The light which had shown me the Jew's face had shown me also something of the bearings of my prison. I saw that I could not proceed down the stream without getting into deeper water, but that upward the depth was nothing—the flow rippling over stones and offal that lay in its course. Therefore, as soon as the Jew had disappeared, I rose cautiously from my position, and groped my way through the rayless gloom against the course of the current. I still retained my weapon, and it stood me in good stead as I held it above my head, by warning me when to stoop and save my bare scalp from the impending brickwork. When once fairly out of hearing and sight-range of my persecutors, a fact of which I was aware from the angular course I followed, my spirits began to revive within me, and something like hope once more dawned upon my mind.

To my great relief, I found as I proceeded that the horrible gloom grew less dense, partly, perhaps, because my sight was becoming habituated to it, but partly also because a few rays streamed in here and there through some of the side-gullies of the drain, the ends of which were separated but by a grating from the street, but which were all too narrow to admit the passage of my body. At first, all I cared for was to hasten on and on, away and still farther away from the blood-thirsty assassins. Once or twice the main channel, or what appeared to be such, had branched off into other channels as large or nearly so. This gave me some comfort, as in the case of pursuit my pursuers might elect the wrong track, and thus miss me. I had hurried onward for some hours, and left the murderous den some miles behind before my limbs began to fail me, and I found myself compelled to stop to recruit my strength by rest. I sat down by a side-drain whence a few rays of light shone in, and resting my head upon my knees, allowed the current to flow under my legs. I could hear above my head the noise of the traffic that rolled along the streets, the rattle of wheels, and the pat, pat of innumerable feet—and the tears now for the first time started in my eyes, as I wondered whether I should ever again be restored to the busy world above. This melancholy temper of mind was, however, put to flight by the teeth of a huge rat, which had fastened on my ankle with the grip of a vice. I had to crush the fellow with my weapon before he would let go, and the next minute had to do battle with hundreds more, which swarmed upon me from all quarters, dashing at my face and hands, and falling on my neck from the roof, which was too low to permit me to stand upright. I must have smashed fifty of them at least before the troop withdrew from me to regale themselves on their dead companions, and allowed me to pursue my way.

This assault deterred me from proceeding farther in the same direction, and I resolved to retrace my steps, and try another turning which I had marked about an hour before. One hope had haunted me all along, since I had shaken off the fear of being murdered. I had seen the day before in that neighborhood a part of the street ripped up for the repair of the main sewer. If I could find that spot, my deliverance would be effected. I could think of no other chance, and naturally clung to that with the tenacity of despair. With an eye to the rats in my progress, I regained the place I sought, and groped along as fast as I could. From the increased noise overhead, and the almost utter absence of light, owing to the length of the side-drains, I gathered that I was traversing one of the grand thoroughfares of the city. Several times I halted, and shouted at the top of my voice at the embouchure of the tributary drains; but no reply ever reached my ears, and I desisted at length in utter hopelessness of making myself heard. I knew by this time, from the hours I had been under ground, that the evening must be drawing in, and I looked for nothing less than passing the night, which, I was convinced, would be the last of my existence, in this living tomb. I knew that as soon as I succumbed to fatigue, I should be devoured by the swarms of rats; and already I felt exhausted in every faculty of my body.

Conceive my joy, if you can, when, on a chance look backward in the direction I had come, I perceived at no great distance, and framed in the black circle of surrounding darkness, the figure of a man carrying an old horn-lantern swung from his neck, with a basket at his back, a bag at his girdle, a cage full of live rats in one hand, and a staff in the other. He was attended by a savage-looking bull-terrier, which came scouring toward me open-mouthed, and seemed inclined to resent my trespass on his warren. Never, perhaps, did mortal man rejoice more devoutly that I did at the presence of this strange and unlooked-for apparition. The man, bare to the hips, was a mass of filth and rags: yesterday, I would not have spoken to him on any consideration to be mentioned; but now, I could have pressed him to my heart, or kissed the tattered hem of his garments. I am not sure I did not do something as foolish the moment my trembling limbs had carried me to his side.

The honest fellow did not at all reciprocate my earnestness. Holding me off at arm's-length, he held up his lantern for a good view, and deliberately surveyed me from head to foot.

"Blest if 't ain't a reg'lar swell!" he ejaculated at length. "Why, what the doose makes the likes of you down in the shore? an' where's yer dog, man alive?—Come into the shore without ne'er a dog! it's a wonder the rats ha'n't a eat ee hup!"

"I didn't come here of my own accord," I said. "Show me the way out, and I'll pay you well."

"Well, hang me if I knows what to make on it. Not come in o' yer hown accord! How was it, then? You've a been here ever since one o'clock, anyhow."

"No, I have not—it was after three o'clock when I got here."

"That's onpossible. Tide was a-comin' in then, an' it ain't gone down yet.'

"Will you guide me out, and take a guinea for your trouble?" I said, impatiently.

"In course I guides you out, whether I will or no—cos if you follers me, you gits out when I do; but we can't go out till the tide's gone down, an' that won't be for this hour, I reckon. What I wants to know is how you got in—cos it looks queer, yer see. Here, take a swig o' this here, and tell us all about it."

He produced a pocket-flask as he spoke, and glad enough I was to take a pull at the fiery spirit it contained, and which almost in a moment gave me new life.

"That's the sort to keep the stench out of a feller's stomick, ain't it?" he said with a grin as he followed my example. "Now for it. Let's sit down here—my basket's seat enough for two—an' tell us how the doose a gemman like you comes a shorin' of it."

Without more ado, I told my story as the reader already knows it, to the unqualified amazement and indignation of the hearer.

I shall not repeat his comments on the narrative. "The bloody-minded villins!" he concluded; "wont you hang 'em?"

"That I certainly will, if I can lay hold of them," was my reply.

"An' I'll go an' see 'em swing—blest if I don't."

"And you," said I—"how came you here? You seem to be quite at home in this horrible place."

"Oh," said he, "the place is well enough, if that's all—only wish I had it all to myself, an' no hinterlopers. Yer see, I'm a shore-hunter for many a long year. All a feller finds down here is his own, an' nobody thinks of claimin' it agin—wouldn't git it if they did, I reckon."

"But what can you possibly find here besides the rats—and what use are they?"

"Ah, that's your hign'rants! What can I find! Hevery think as comes down—leave me alone to find it—spoons, cheyney, money, silver thimbles. I've found a shillin' an' four sixpences to-day, only three on 'em's bad uns. I've found many a good sovring in my time, an' more bad uns. Then I snares the rats, an' them's eightpence a dozen for killin' wi' the dogs. Then there's the rags an' linen, lots o' that—an' what d'ye think o' plate? Many's the table-spoon I've had, an' tea-spoons too, an' many a silver snuff-box. I know'd a chap as found a gravy-spoon as weighed six ounces, an' a gold lady's watch worth sebn pound. Poor crow, he was too greedy, he was—he got shut in here wi' the tide one night without his dog, an' hanged if the rats didn't eat him hup all but his bones. It's the truth I'm a tellin' yer. I helped to git all that was left of him out myself, an' we had to put the bones in a basket; they was all picked clean in a single night. There! I can't abear to think on it. Poor Bill."

This sort of revelation did not tend to reanimate my courage, and I was glad when the man rose, and whistling to his dog, proposed to go.

"The tide will be low enough to let us out," he said, "by the time we gits to the Thames, so we may as well be trackin' it."

"And which way do you go?" I inquired.

"The way you came," he said; "there is no tother way."

"I can't, I can't attempt it," I cried—and I really could not; my flesh crept with horror at the idea.

The man lifted his lantern to my face, and marking my evident terror, began to scratch his head and mutter to himself.

"There is another way," I said: "they are repairing the sewer somewhere hereabout—surely you can find the place."

"Them repairs is done, an' closed up last night. But never say die! You said a guinea, didn't yer?" he asked, in a decided way.

"Yes, two. Put me above ground, and the money is yours."

"Come along, then," he rejoined. "Step out arter me, an' I'll make it all right."

He held up his lantern, and struck into a sort of ambling run. I kept close to his heels, and the dog ran yelping before. We soon came to the main drain—descended it some quarter of a mile, then entered an arch to the right, to traverse which we had to stoop to a sitting posture. After a course of more than half an hour at the best speed we could make, my guide stopped at a low outlet not more than twenty inches in diameter, and divesting himself of his various burdens, began to crawl up the orifice, telling me not to follow him, but to wait his return. In less than a minute he bawled out: "It's all right;" and the moment after, to my indescribable satisfaction, I heard him talking with some one above ground. I waited with what patience I could, but thought the conference would never have an end. At length my deliverer came sliding back again, heels foremost. His reappearance was followed by the sound of blows and the clang of a crowbar on the grating above. My guide now held out his hand for the promised reward.

"Will you not also escape this way?" I asked.

"No," said he; "couldn't git my traps through. Besides, the old ooman 'll be lookin' out for me at the river-side, an' she'll be wondrin' where the doose I'm got to. You're all right now. Just crawl up the drain, an' there you are: there's enough on 'em, I reckon, up there to fish yer out."

Having recompensed my deliverer beyond his expectations, I followed his directions, more in a dream than with any real consciousness of what I was doing. I was hauled out, more dead than alive, at the corner of a narrow lane, among a crowd of people assembled to witness my resurrection. I had barely sense enough to make known the address of my landlord, to whose house I was conveyed, I believe, in a cart, upon a bed of straw, after several drivers of cabs and hackney-coaches had declined the honor of my custom.

It was night before I reached home; and from that hour until full two months after the day and the night were all alike to me, for I was raging in the delirium of fever, and declaiming horrible narratives of murder, and darkness, and skeleton victims, and rats, and gravy-spoons. My poor old mother had to come up from Suffolk to take possession of me. But at last I got well again, in spite of the doctor who dosed me six times a day, and of the nurse who crammed my mother with the notion that, because in my delirium I talked of rats, I was doomed to death.

The first thing I did when I recovered was to hunt up the ruffians who had thought to murder me. I got officers from Bow Street, and invaded Field Lane with the authority of the law. It was all to no purpose. Not only could I not find the villains themselves, but I could not identify even the scene of their atrocity. A perfect stranger to the place, I could only guess at its precise locality—of course could not swear to it. There was no such inner apartment as I described to be found—no trap-door to be discovered in any of the floors; in fact, the whole scene which my terror had indelibly imprinted on my memory had all vanished together, and the search had to be given up.

The explanation of this seeming mystery must be referred to the time I had lain on a sick-bed, during which the report of my escape may have reached my intending murderers; and it is likely enough that my deliverer may have talked of his adventure, and so put the assassins on their guard. Thus they had time, and to spare, to effect the metamorphosis of their premises, which deceived the officers of justice, and thus facilitated their escape from the gallows they so richly deserved.

Since then the doubt has often crossed my mind whether the police of Bow Street really believed the strange story I told them. Be that as it may, the reader may rely upon its accuracy so far as my memory serves me at this distance of time; and he will hardly wonder that I do not regret the final erasure of Field Lane from the list of metropolitan lions.

OLD LETTERS.

Came they from sinner or from saint,
Cast them in, for the fire is faint;
The fire is faint, and the frost is strong,
And these old letters have lived too long.
How welcome once it matters not:
Their worth away with time has sped,
The love is over, the hope is dead,
And the old friend has forgot.

Cast them in! they're hard to keep,
And will not let one's memory sleep,
For hints of age, and tales of change:
Oh, but the turns of life are strange!
The world whereof they speak is gone—
How bright they came, and how dim they part,
These passing ages of the heart,
While life and we wear on.

Cast them in! why should they last,
When the light we read them by is past,
And never again will gild our days?
Up like a banner goes the blaze:
It is waste paper, and nothing more;
Some have been treasured up for years,
Some are blotted with heavy tears,
And some our dreams read o'er.

These are sprinkled with many a vow—
The love was never as warm as now;
Those by a trusty hand were penned:
Woe is me for that friendship's end.
There goes a page of boyish rhyme!
That was a sheet of good advice;
We took our own way on the ice,
And learned the worth of it all in time.

One glossy curl of wavy gold
Was hid in this burning letter's fold;
'Tis long since that golden head grew gray,
And the grave where it rests is far away!
Up in its might the broad flame flashes,
And there they lie, in what all our aims,
Seekings, and strivings, hopes and schemes,
Must come to—dust and ashes!

YEARS AND YEARS AGO.

"Toutes ces choses sont passées
Comme l'ombre et comme le vent!"
Victor Hugo.

These things have passed upon their mournful way,
Like the wild wind, and like the shadows gray.

Suzanne was not sixteen, and I was barely nineteen, when we first met. She was the daughter, the only child, of a poor Protestant pastor near La Rochelle, one of the chief and oldest strongholds of the French Reformed Church.

At that time I was about as wild a scape-grace as you would see in any place I could name at this moment. I had been expelled from school for heading an insurrection against the proper authorities; I had got into endless scrapes in every position in which my poor father had tried to establish me; had finished when I was eighteen by throwing off all restraint, crossing the water, and, with a knapsack on my back, starting on a pedestrian tour through some of the French provinces, not with any definite aim or object, or in pursuance of any settled plan, but to exercise my usurped liberty, and to get rid of some of the superfluous life that would not let me rest. Of adventures I had plenty; but the relation of these is little to the point now. At La Rochelle, chance, as I called it then, threw Suzanne in my way. Whether she was beautiful or not, I hardly know. She was utterly unlike any one I ever saw before or since;—a little thing with a pair of eyes that prevented your seeing any thing else when they were before you;—a pair of eyes which, like those of the German fairy, were not only one barley-corn bigger (I think they were two barley-corns bigger) than any body else's eyes in the world; but which loved you, and repulsed you, and pitied and scorned you, and laughed with you, and cried for you, and made you wild with delight, and desperate with despair, twenty times a day.

From the first time I saw her, I pursued her without ceasing; and we often met by those accidents that occur when two people do their best to aid Fate in her arrangements. At the back of the presbytère was a garden full of roses, and lilies, and jasmines, and all sorts of beautiful old-fashioned flowers that grow any where you may plant them, but that can no more get common or worthless for all their bounteous blooming than if they required to be watered with Champagne. Beyond the garden is what is called a *châtaigneraie*: a little wood, carpeted with close turf, moss, and wild-flowers, overshadowed with magnificent chestnut-trees, each of which might form a study for a landscape-painter. Only a paling and a wicket separated the garden and the wood; and, the latter being uninclosed, any one had a right to wander there at will—a privilege of which the peasants in the neighborhood, having other means of employing their time, seldom availed themselves; and it was, except at the chestnut gathering, generally deserted.

So there I used to repair in the glowing July days, with a sketch-book, to look business-like; and, lying on the grass, or leaning against a tree, myself half-hidden, watch for Suzanne. How it is all before me now—before me now, and in me, and about me—Good Heaven, how clearly—after all these years!

The broad, rugged trunks of the trees; the sunlight streaming with a soft, green light through the leaves: the warm, ripe, still heat that quivered before my half-closed eyes; and there, there beyond, through a narrow vista, an opening, as it were, into heaven, in the guise of a little bit of the

pastor's garden, blazing in sunshine and flowers. On this my eyes would fix till the angel should come to give it a holier light. Sometimes I waited through the long hours in vain; sometimes I saw her pass and repass, coming and going like alternate sun and shadow, as the place seemed brightened or darkened with her presence and departure. Then, how my heart beat; how I watched, how I listened!—did she guess I was there?—did she wish to come?—was it timidity or indifference that prevented her turning her steps this way?—Useless. She would not come to day; and, cross and sick at heart, I left the wood and wandered homeward to mine inn—the bare, hot chambers of which, with the old fumes of bad stale tobacco, were little calculated to soothe the nerves that had been stung and fretted and ruffled in the green, cool, perfumed chestnut-wood.

Next day all would be joy and hope again. Back once more to the sylvan temple, where I hoped to meet the shy goddess. An hour—two—would pass, and then she floated to and fro across that bit of sunshine, gathering a flower here; tying one up there; watering, trimming, dipping further on; wondering, as she has since told me, and as I little guessed then, if I were there in the wood watching her. Presently, with a basket on her arm, she would turn into the shady walk; nearer and nearer came her footstep; fuller and fuller throbbed my heart; then, with her hand on the wicket, she would pause; had she changed her mind? would she go back? and at that thought my soul so yearned for her, that it seemed the influence must act to draw her toward me; and sometimes I almost thought it did so; as, opening the gate, she stepped into the wood; and slowly, with downcast eyes, roved to and fro, in search, as I believed, of the yellow mushrooms that grow in the chestnut woods in France.

A few moments more, and we were together, she still pursuing her search, though many a mushroom was passed, many another trodden on; I, pacing by her side, speaking low, and at intervals, while she sometimes answered without looking up, sometimes gave me a glance of those miraculous eyes in lieu of other answer; till at last, youth and love, and solitude encouraging, the hand that at first dared not to touch hers wound round her waist, the lips that trembled to pronounce her name pressed hers unforbidden.

And now, shall I tell the truth?—a truth that many and many a time since has not only stung me with remorse, but with the thought, that perhaps— Well, well, that may or may not have been. But to my confession:

Young as I was, Suzanne was not the first woman I fancied I had loved; and though the feeling I had for her was widely different from that with which I had regarded others, still it was not then pure, and deep, and fervent as it ought to have been. At first, much as I loved her, much as I desired to obtain her love, I had no thought of indissolubly uniting my destiny to hers; I had no idea of marriage. I contented myself with letting things run their course, whatever they might tend to; with taking no thought, and making no engagement for the future.

At last our meetings in the châtaigneraie became things of daily occurrence; and we needed no subterfuges of sketch-book and mushroom-baskets to color them. Sweet, pure, darling Suzanne! Who, in her position, at her age, could have withstood the dangers of the situation as she did? She loved me with all the depth and warmth of a profound and passionate nature; yet in the midst of her abandon there was a purity, a starting, instinctive shyness—a turning of the flank of danger, as it were, while appearing unconscious of its vicinity—that at once captivated and repelled me. And days drew on to weeks, and still our relative positions remained unaltered.

One day we were in the châtaigneraie together, strolling side by side, her hand in mine, when the unusual sound of footsteps rustling 'mid the last year's leaves startled us. We turned round, and at a little distance beheld her father.

He was a man still in the prime of life. But indifferent health, and a ceaseless activity in the arduous duties of his calling, gave to his spare figure and fine face a worn and prematurely aged look. I shall never forget him, as, after a moment's pause, he advanced and confronted us; the veins in his bare temples swollen and throbbing with the emotion he sought to control, his face pale and rigid, and his lips compressed.

There was a dead silence for some seconds. Then his kindling eye flashed on his daughter, and pointing to the house, he said, in a low, stern voice, "Go in, Suzanne!" She went without a word.

"And thus, young man," he said, when she was out of hearing, "thus, for the gratification of a passing fancy, to kill the time you know not how to dispose of, you blot an honest and hitherto stainless name. You break a father's heart; you turn from her God—you destroy body and soul—a mere child, motherless and unprotected. I will not tell you what Suzanne has been to me; how I have reared her, worked, hoped, prayed for her, loved and trusted her. All these things are, doubtless, tame and commonplace and contemptible to you. But if you had no fear of God or consideration for man before your eyes, could you not have had a little feeling, a little pity, an atom of respect for a father and daughter situated as you know us to be? Knowing, moreover, that it is not in the heart or in the hand of the Minister of God to avenge the wrong and shame done him by the means other dishonored fathers adopt?"

Utterly abashed and conscience-stricken, I strove to explain; but my emotion, and the sudden difficulty that came over me in expressing myself adequately in a foreign language—fluently as, under ordinary circumstances I spoke it—were little calculated to reassure him.

"No," he said, "I know all. Your daily meetings, your prolonged interviews, a certain embarrassment I have lately noticed in my child, hitherto so frank and fearless; her altered looks and manner—even note the demeanor of both when I surprised you—what can I conclude from such indications?"

"I swear to you," I at length found words to explain, "that your daughter is wholly and perfectly innocent. Think of me as you will, but at least believe me in this, and assure yourself that your child is sinless."

He looked at me scrutinizingly for some seconds; then his face and voice relaxed. "I believe you! There is but one thing you can now do, if you are sincere in your wish to repair this evil. Promise me you will never see Suzanne again, and that you will, as soon as possible, quit this neighborhood."

I promised, and we parted.

How I passed that night it needs not now to tell, nor all the revolution the thoughts it brought worked in my heart and in my ideas. The immediate result was, that next morning at dawn I rose from my sleepless bed and wrote to the pastor, asking his daughter's hand; not concealing the difficulties of my position, but adding that if he would overlook present and material disadvantages he might trust that no sin of omission or commission on my part should ever cause him to regret his having accorded his sanction to our marriage, and that I feared not but that with time, patience, and perseverance, I should be able to secure a means of existence. At nineteen it is so easy to dispose of these questions of ways and means; to obtain every thing and to dispense with every thing.

The answer came quickly, brought by the pastor in person.

"You are an honest lad," he said. "I will not now enter into the question of your youth and that of Suzanne. My child's reputation is at stake, and she is deeply attached to you. That of your prospects is one we have yet to discuss; but the first subject to be entered upon and fully explained is the one of your father's consent to the marriage. In the first place, by the law of France, which is, I believe, different to that of England, no man or woman, even if of age, can marry without producing proof of their parents' acquiescence. In the second, even were the law otherwise, I should hold myself bound, for conscience' sake, not to take advantage of the most desirable proposal, if it were made against the wishes and without the sanction of yours. Are you likely to obtain this?"

Here was a difficulty I had neither anticipated nor provided for. I had thrown off all authority, deeming my own sufficient for my governance, and here, at the first important crisis of my life, I found its inefficiency to get me through my earliest difficulty. Supposing I made up my mind tacitly to admit my mistake, and ask my father's consent to my marriage, was it in the least likely that he would, under all the circumstances, accord it?

Never mind, I must make the attempt, and so, admitting to the pastor that I had not as yet provided for such a contingency, he left me to write to my father.

A week of agonizing suspense passed, during which I, in accordance with a promise made to Suzanne's father, never sought to meet her—nay, to avoid a shadow of suspicion, never even went to our chestnut-wood to get a peep of her in the garden.

At last the letter came, and, sick with agitation, I tore it open. It was brief, grave, somewhat stern, but yet not different to what I deserved, and what I expected.

My father said he had reflected much on my demand; that he saw many reasons why he should refuse it, yet he was so anxious to meet my wishes when they pointed to any course that was not likely to lead me into moral mischief, and that afforded me a chance of obtaining steadiness of conduct; that if I could provide him proofs of my intended bride's character and position being such as I represented them, he would not withhold his permission.

This was easily done. Proud and elate, I boldly presented myself at the presbytery, and within a month we were married, despite all the delays and difficulties that the French laws, which seem especially framed to throw every possible obstacle, hindrance, and petty vexation in the way of the impatient lover, could find to circumvent us.

I look back now on the time, and see through my spectacles—though a little dimmed, now and then—not myself and my Suzanne, the wife of my youth, as I saw her in those days, but a boy and girl I remember to have known then. A hopeful, happy, foolish pair, brimful of youth, and life, and love; seeing all things, each other included, quite other than they were; yet so confident in themselves, in their experience, their ideas, their impressions; living from day to day, like the birds on the branch, as if all the world were their storehouse, and no to-morrow were before them; quarreling and making sweet friends again; fretting about a look or a word; jesting at questions involving the most important material interests; averted looks and murmured reproaches over a flower presented and lost; not a thought or a care for gold squandered.

The place was so endeared to me and Suzanne, and her father felt so reluctant to part, that I resolved—my father, who made us a small though reasonable allowance, not objecting—to settle, for a time, at all events, in the neighborhood of La Rochelle.

So we took a little house in the midst of a garden, within five minutes' walk of the presbytery, and there we set up our household, served by a plump Rochellaise damsel, whose clear-starched capot* and gold ear-rings, heart and cross, were, on Sundays, the admiration of the place; and a lad emancipated from sabots to work in the garden and help Nannie in the rougher occupations of the house.

* The "capot" is the head-dress peculiar to La Rochelle and its neighborhood. It consists of a frame-work fixed upright on the head, round which is loosely folded a strip some three or four yards long, and about half a yard wide, of clear muslin, bordered at each edge with lace, and terminating in a rounded end, pinned in front. Considerable skill and practice are necessary to attach the capot properly, as it is arranged on the head.

He fell in love with her, I remember, and he being some years her junior, and she being rather a belle and virtuous withal, she was moved by all these united considerations to box his ears on his attempting to demonstrate the state of his feelings by trying to kiss her when, attired as above recorded, her beauty shone forth too resplendent for him to succeed in controlling his youthful passion.

Before a year was out the two children had a doll to put in the baby-house, and to play with from morning till night. They nursed it alternately, and worshiped it, and had moments of jealousy about it, and wondered over it, and found it a miracle of genius and intellect, when to stranger eyes it was capable of nothing but sleeping and sucking, and stretching its toes before the fire.

When it should walk! Oh, when it should walk, and when it should speak its mother's name! When it did, the child-mother lay in her grave in the Protestant cemetery at La Rochelle, and the boy-father took it there to strew flowers on the turf.

When I first awoke from the stunning effect of the blow, I was like a ship that, struck full by a tremendous breaker, stands for a moment paralyzed and grieving, then staggers blindly on, without rudder or compass—both swept away in the general ruin.

The wild spirit within me, which the peaceful and innocent happiness of the last two years had soothed and stilled, broke forth again; and my first impulse was to rush from the scene of my lost felicity, and, in a life of reckless adventure, seek to lose myself and the recollection of all I had won, all I had been bereft of, in that short space.

Thank God, I had the child. That saved me.

And now, at twenty-one, when most men have hardly made their first start in life, I, a father and a widower, had passed the first stages of my manhood's career, and was about to gather up the shattered fragments of my youth's hopes and prospects, and try to patch them together to carry me through the rest of it.

At first my father, now all affection and sympathy since the change my marriage had brought, urged my returning with the child to England. But this a strange feeling, partaking perhaps more of jealousy than any thing else, made me decline doing. On Mabel, "Ma-belle" as Suzanne used to call her, half believing that that was really the translation of the name, I had now concentrated all the love and interest of my life. Here she was all my own, I was all hers; nothing, nobody could lay any claim to the love, the time, or the attention of either, so as to distract it from the other. No one could exert influence or authority over either to the exclusion or prejudice, in however slight a degree, of the other.

My child had no mother; no one else, therefore, however near or dear, should in any degree supply her place but myself. I would be all and every thing to her; and if she never missed her mother, it should be to me alone she should owe it. A foolish thought, perhaps; perhaps a selfish one; yet who shall say, seeing from what it doubtless saved me?

Happily the child was healthy, sweet-tempered, and really, all paternal illusions apart, singularly beautiful and intelligent. My baby, my little Queen Mab! I see her now, as in her black frock and straw hat I used to carry her forth at first in the still warm evenings, when the glow and the glare of the day had passed by, and the sea-breeze stirred the roses in the garden.

With her I did not feel quite so frightfully alone. Her signs, her attempts at speech, her little willfulnesses, her caresses, her ceaseless claims on my aid and attention, withdrew me as nothing else could from constant brooding over my loss. Later, when I could bear it—I could not for a long time—I used to take her to the châtaigneraie, where I was wont to watch for Suzanne; and sitting there as of old, leave her to play on the grass beside me, while, with half-shut eyes, I gazed on the glowing spot at the end of the green walk, dreaming, dreaming, with a gnawing at my heart, of the shadow that used to cross it, of the footstep that used to come along that shaded alley, of the pause with the hand on the wicket. Then I remembered that now not all the yearning and craving of my soul could, as I fancied it did of old, bring her one step nearer to me; and then my grief and desolation would find vent in passionate tears, and the child, who was too well used to see me weep to be alarmed, as children mostly are, would climb up on my breast, and draw my hands from before my face, and kiss and soothe me with her sweet baby caresses.

It was a great though secret joy to me that, though gentle and tractable to all, she could be said to love no one but me. I think the excellent pastor guessed the existence of this feeling; for, fond as he was of the child, and strong and natural as were his claims to her affection, he ever avoided to put them conspicuously forward, or to attempt in any way to interfere with her management. For this, even more than for his many other proofs of regard and kindness, I was deeply grateful. I encouraged the child to be familiar with him; but though she showed deference and duty, and even returned his caresses, I could see, with secret triumph, that her heart was not in her acts, and that as soon as she thought she might without offense return to me, she would glide from his knee, and stealing to mine, nestle on my breast, content to rest there till we were alone again. Then the repressed spirits would break forth, and she was once more gleeful and joyous.

Early in the morning I would wake, and, behind the half-drawn curtain, watch her playing, silently, lest she should disturb me, in the dewy garden. Wandering to and fro, with her hands crossed behind her—now pausing before this or that flower, smelling it, sucking the pearled drops that lay in its cup, then racing away suddenly, wild with strong young life, prancing and plunging in imitation of a high-mettled steed, or chasing the kitten that was not more graceful or lithe of limb than she.

And so on, till the opening of my lattice announced that I was astir. Oh, the sunshine of the radiant face! She had her mother's wondrous eyes, but with a fine fair English complexion and warm light-brown English hair. Then pit-a-pat up the narrow stair-case came the quick step, the door was flung open, and in two bounds she was on my bed, hugging and kissing me, laughing, patting my cheeks, laying her sweet cool face against mine, and chattering the strange mingled dialect between French and English, that was sweeter in my ears than purest Tuscan.

Then off again, like a butterfly, opening my books, putting my watch to her ear, and looking solemnly curious at the sound; turning over my clothes, scribbling wild flourishes on my paper with pen or pencil, and quick as flight of bird, away again to announce to Nannie that "le grand chère," the great darling, was awake, and so hungry, so hungry for his breakfast.

And so through the day, however I might be occupied, she was never away from me for an hour. Light and restless, like some winged thing, she was to and fro, up and down in the house and garden, all the live-long day; dancing, singing, talking to herself, when I was too occupied to attend to her; no more disturbing me in my busiest hours than the sunshine that streamed in at my window, or the swallows that built and chirped in the eaves above it. Long walks we used to take together, she bounding by my side, now clinging to my hand, now springing off after wild-flower or berry, till lap and arms were full; all beaming and joyous until a beggar came in sight; then the bright face would lengthen, the step slacken, and the small money I always carried in my pocket to provide against such emergencies was brought into request, and given with willing hand and gentle words of pity and condolence, and for some paces further the little heart and brain were yet oppressed with the impression of the sight of suffering.

In the evenings, by the dying sunlight or the winter fire, she would climb to my knee, claiming a story; and, while I related some remembered history, or improvised some original one, there she sat, with raptured face, gazing on mine, those eyes so full of wondering interest, those ruby lips apart, showing the glistening teeth; putting in now and then some earnest question, pausing long at the close of the narrative to muse over it and fully digest certain points that had made a deeper impression than the rest of the tale. Then, as the light fell and the stillness of evening deepened into night, the head drooped on my breast, and, like a folded flower, the blossom that brightened and perfumed my lonely life, slept quietly, while I, sad and silent, wandered mournfully over the past.

I look back now to that period of my life, and again it is not I whom I see sitting there before me. It is one I knew, whose affections, cares, and troubles were as my own to me, but whose thoughts, opinions, and aspirations were quite other than those I now hold, and on which I now act. The child seems hardly real, distinctly as I remember every—the slightest—detail concerning her; she comes before me in my lonely hours like the remembrance of some vivid dream dreamed long ago; some vision sent to cheer and brighten my pathway through some long past stage of an existence that then seemed drawing on to its close.

We know so little what we can live through and over, till the present is merged in the things that have been! till the pages on which are inscribed in black letter the great griefs of our lives are turned, and those that contain pleasanter passages are laid over them!

Mabel had achieved her tenth year before I had reached my thirtieth birthday; and all that time we had never been a day separated; had never lived any other life than the life I have been describing.

I had taught her to read and write, Nannie had taught her to sew; but other accomplishments she had none. Partly that strange jealousy of other interference, partly a horror I could not control of subjecting my fairy to the drudgery of learning, made me shrink from calling in other aid to advance her education. It was better that it should be so. I am always glad now to think that I did as I had done.

My child had been lent me, not given. For ten years her blessed and soothing, purifying and holy influence was granted to tame and save me. For ten years God spared one of his angels to lead me through the first stages to heaven!

The task accomplished, He saw fit to recall the loan.

It is thirty years and upward now since Mabel died.

I have buried another wife since then, and two fair children; and four more yet remain to me.

They are good, dear children to me, none better; and handsome boys and girls too. But they are none of them like my Mab, my little fairy queen—and I am not sorry; it is as well as it is.

PICTURES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

The two pictures on the following page are from exhibitions now open in London, England. One of them is by Mr. J. J. Hill, and is contributed to the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. It represents The Ballad, and is a very sweet domestic scene. A pretty country girl, resting from her labors in the corn-field, is rapt in the fascinations of a ballad which is spread out before her on a corn-sheaf. Over her shoulder, a young lad, with much more of refinement in his features than is usually the case with farm boys, gazes at "The Lover's Parting" with as much interest as if he expected, at no distant day, to realize the scene in his own experience.

The other picture represents a childish piece of coquetry, and is entitled "Hook my Frock!" Mr. W. Hemsley is the author, and the picture hangs in the British Institution, Pall Mall, London. The coquetry of the little girl, and the whimsical embarrassment and roguishness of the boy are happily depicted.

THE BALLAD.

"HOOK MY FROCK!"

Miscellany.

—M. de Colter, a French jurist, who came to England to digest British laws and British dinners, records, with an affectation of delicate disgust, that even at decent tables he had often seen a

Goose!

He must have been seated opposite the mirror, the reader will say, of course. But why this calumniated fowl should be a by-word for ridicule in our discourse, and an object of abomination at polite tables, is a riddle not easily explained.

Every one knows that the Roman State was saved by the cackling of geese—a hint which has not been lost upon many of our Congressmen. Among the Romans the gander and his spouse were a favorite and fashionable dish; but learned commentators maintain that the particular brood to which the commonwealth was so much indebted was preserved, with its immediate descendants—a circumstance, doubtless, much deplored by the epicures of that day, since it became impossible to have a capitol goose for dinner. Then, as now, the little giblets were thought a great delicacy, and good livers deemed the livers good; for does not Horace say—

"And a white gander's liver,
Stuff'd fat with figs, bespoke the curious giver"?

Queen Elizabeth was cutting up a goose when she learned that the Spanish armada had been cut up by a Drake. The goose has even had its poet—as witness this, his post-prandial apostrophe:

"O Bird most rare! although thou art
Uncommon common on a common.
What man or woman
Can in one single term impart
A proper name for thee? An ancient Roman
Would answer, *Anser*. Sure I am that no man,
Knowing thy various attributes, would choose
To call thee Goose!"

—Don't commit murder or suicide, but

Take Life like a Man.

Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken, brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who can not look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort! If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he *will*, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

—In considering upon the prominent characteristics of those men whom the world unites to call great, we find invariably that it was their patient adherence to the one fixed aim in life, and *judicious* resistance of difficulties in their way, which gave them their places upon the world's scroll of fame. Let

Perseverance

be the watchword now, as it has been in all time. With this, says an English Reviewer,

"Demosthenes, that poor, stuttering son of a cutler, became the most famous orator of ancient times. Virgil, the son of a baker, the most celebrated of Latin poets. Æsop, the son of a slave, and also a slave himself, managed to acquire imperishable fame. Thomas Wolsey, the son of a butcher, became cardinal of the Church of Rome, and, next to the king, in his day the most powerful person in the English dominions. William Shakspeare, also the son of a butcher, yet one of the most famous poets the world has ever beheld. Oliver Cromwell rose from a comparatively humble station to be Protector of the English Commonwealth. Benjamin Franklin, who in his early days was a journeyman printer, afterward became one of the most celebrated philosophers and statesmen. William Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review* in after-times, was in youth a humble shoemaker's apprentice, and, for want of paper, obliged to work his algebraic problems upon leather with an awl. Robert Burns, a plowman of Ayrshire, in Scotland, afterward the greatest of Scotch poets. James Cook, for a long time, was but a common sailor, but afterward, on voyages of discovery, sailed three times round the world. Jeremy Taylor was a barber's boy, and afterward a D.D. Thomas Telford, the great civil engineer, was once a shepherd's boy. Inigo Jones was first a journeyman carpenter, and then the chief architect of his age. Halley, the astronomer, was the son of a poor soap-boiler. Haydn, the composer, the son of a poor wheel-wright. Haüy, the chemist, was the son of a weaver. Smeaton and Rennie, both eminent engineers, were both of them, at one time, merely makers of mathematical instruments. And when you have read the lives of all these, ask yourself whether perseverance had not as much to do in making those men great as any other quality which they possessed."

Don't ye see?

Mr. De Forrest, author of "European Acquaintance," met an Irish doctor who cherished the old English idea that fighting is an essential part of a boy's education.

"Why, I'll tell ye an anecdote," said he. "Jist before I left Ireland the little son of one of my old friends came to me—a bright little fellow, that I take as much delight in as if he was me own. He told me how another boy had been insulting him. 'Well,' says I, 'an' what did ye do to him?' Says he, 'I hit him *so*, right aside of his head.' 'Well,' says I, 'ye did wrong; ye shouldn't have hit him that way; ye should have hit him *so*, straight forward from the shoulder, and right between the eyes.' That's the kind of advice that I think is good for boys. Don't ye see?"

—Kirwan, in "The Happy Home," speaks pertinently of the

Hot-bed Education

which is so ruinous to the mental as well as physical constitution of children in America.

"They are sent to school when they should be in the open air or in the fields; they are learning to read before they have well learned to run; and instead of permitting the mind freely to drink in all the knowledge it can through the senses or by imitation, it is bowed down to study before it can comprehend what it is taught as a parrot, and before the body or mind are sufficiently strong to resist the evil influences of confinement. And all these evils are aggravated by sending them to cheap and incompetent teachers, who have never studied the laws of mind, and know nothing of the art of developing it, and who often manipulate the mind on the principle that the fruits of autumn should precede the buds of spring and the blossoms of May and June. Compelled to sit quietly and to breathe a confined air, and with the fear of the rod and of the despot that wields it always before them, their bodily powers are soon exhausted; they become diseased and nervous; their brain is liable to inflammation, and a premature death often ensues! Indeed, many of our ablest physicians trace the insanity which is filling our asylums to the neglect of the physical training of children, and to the foolish, if not sinful, anxiety of parents for their rapid education."

—"Self-made men" are said to be the most useful. If our young men who obtain expensive educations in colleges or universities but rightly understood the use of that accumulation of facts which is called an education, they would soon distance the practical, self-made man. It is not to hoard away, but to use every day, that we should gather facts; and therefore

Self-Instruction

"is the one great object of rational education. In mind as well as body we are children at first, only that we may afterward become men; dependent upon others, in order that we may learn from them such lessons as may tend eventually to our edification on an independent basis of our own. The knowledge of facts, or what is generally called learning, however much we may possess of it, is useful so far only as we erect its materials into a mental frame-work; but useless so long as we suffer it to lie in a heap, inert and without form. The instruction of others, compared with self-instruction, is like the law compared with faith; a discipline of preparation, beggarly elements, a schoolmaster to lead us on to a state of greater worthiness, and there give up the charge of us."

In the name of the Prophet, Potatoes!

Surely no article of domestic use has ever before been described in such exalted strain as is here used by Alison, the historian, toward that inoffensive and "succulent" root, the potato:

"Planted originally in the mountains of Peru, the potato possesses the qualities which distinctly mark it as the destined food—in part, at least—of a large portion of mankind. It flourishes in nearly every climate except the very warmest and the very coldest; more sensitive to frost than even the dahlia or geranium, it is to be seen in perfection in every region of the globe except the tropics or the Arctic circle. During the brief months of summer it makes its way and arrives at maturity in every part of the temperate zone. The roots in their natural state are not much larger than a strawberry: under the fostering hand of culture they swell to ten or sometimes twenty times the size. It is far more productive, when brought to perfection by cultivation, of food for the use of man than any cereal; it yields, on an equal space, three times as much for his sustenance as the best wheaten crop."

—Then follows a fine parallel between the

Potato-rot and the Decay of Civilization,

from which it seems, contrary to general opinion, that, like the succulent and prolific potato, the human race may be propagated by slips:

"Like civilization, however, of which it is the attendant and support, the potato involves in itself the seeds of corruption in its latest and most advanced stages, which threaten calamities as great to the physical necessities of man as the depravity which often overspreads a wealthy and luxurious society does to his moral. But the wisdom of Nature has provided a remedy for the one as well as for the other—*like the human race, the succulent and prolific plant can be propagated by seminal descent as well as by the propagation of slips*, and a new and untainted race be induced by the planting of fresh seeds in a region where the former race has been degraded by a long course of artificial culture."

—Mothers can not commence too early the religious training of their children.

Devotional Feelings

"should be impressed as early as possible on the infant mind; and it is well observed that a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he had no such idea. We should endeavor to impress his mind by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects, with all he sees, all he hears, and all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight; thus, by deep, strong, and permanent associations, we lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life. He who has early been accustomed to see the Creator in the visible appearances around him, to feel His continual presence, and to lean upon His daily protection, though his religious ideas may be mixed up with many errors which his reason will ultimately refine away, has made large advances toward that habitual piety, without which religion can rarely regulate the conduct, and will never warm the heart."

—Read what says a self-made man on

Inherited Wealth:

"The less you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterward. Wealth inherited should be the incentive to exertion. Instead of that, 'it is the title-deed to sloth.' The only money that does a man good is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune, like ready-made clothes, seldom fits the man who comes in possession. Ambition, stimulated by hope and a half-filled purse, has a power that will triumph over all difficulties, beginning with the rich man's contumely, and leaving off with the envious man's malice."

Happiness.

"A happy childhood," says Isaac Taylor, in his "World of Mind,"

"is a precious inheritance, with which, as a fund, to begin trading in practical wisdom and active usefulness. It is a great thing only to have known by experience that tranquil, temperate happiness is actually attainable on earth; and we should think so, if we knew how many have pursued a reckless course because, or chiefly because, they early learned to think of happiness as a chimera, and believed momentary gratifications to be the only substitute placed within the reach of man. Practical happiness is much oftener *thrown away* than *snatched from* us; but it is the most likely to be pursued, and overtaken, and husbanded by those who already, and during some considerable period of their lives, have been happy. To have known nothing but misery is the most portentous condition under which human nature can start on its course."

—Here are a few gems gathered by the wayside:

Children.

"The man who has never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value."

Nonsense.

Sense that happens to differ from your own.

Precept

is instruction written in sand, and washed away by the tide; example is instruction engraved on the rock.

True Politeness

is the last touch of a noble character. It is the gold on the spire, the sunlight on the corn-field, and the smile on the lip of the noble knight lowering his sword-point to his lady-love.

Make

truth credible, and children will believe it; make goodness lovely, and they will love it; make holiness cheerful, and they will be glad of it.

—Taking yourself at your own valuation—generally about fifty per cent. above the fair worth—has been offered as a definition of the word

Conceit.

We read that Minerva threw away the flute when she found that it puffed up her own cheeks; but if we, nowadays, cast away the flute, it is to use a more effective instrument of puffing by blowing our own trumpets. Empty minds are the most prone to soar above their proper sphere, like paper kites, which the lighter they are the higher they go; while minds better stored are prone to humility, like heavily laden vessels, of which we see the less the more richly and deeply they are freighted. The corn bends downward when its ears are well filled; it is the empty heads that wave highest in the field. Nevertheless, it sometimes happens that a really great man is also a great self-admirer—as was the case with Northcote, the artist, whose intellectual powers were equal to his professional talent, and who thought it much easier for a man to be his superior than his equal. Being once asked by Sir William Knighton what he thought of the Prince Regent, he replied, "I am not acquainted with him."

"Why, his Royal Highness says he knows you."

"Know me! Pooh! that's all his brag!"

—The above was a genuine case of

Self-admiration.

Rochefoucault says: "We always love those who admire us, but we do not always love those whom we admire." To which latter clause such a case as that of Northcote's may be put in as an exception, for *self*-love is the source of *self*-admiration. Moreover, this is the safest of all loves, for you and I, reader, may indulge in it without fear of a rival.

—Here is a bundle of definitions by our own Solomon:

Celibacy:

A vow by which the priesthood in some countries swear to content themselves with the wives of other people.

Challenge:

Calling upon a man who has hurt your feelings to give you satisfaction by shooting you through the body.

Ceremony:

All that is considered necessary by many people in religion and friendship.

Charity:

The only thing we can give away without losing it.

Blushing:

A suffusion least seen in those who have most occasion for it.

Autobiography:

Drawing a portrait of yourself with pen and ink, insuring an accurate likeness by carefully omitting all the bad features you have, and putting in all the good ones that you have not. A species of moral and intellectual suicide, to which the act against needlessly taking life should be rigorously applied.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"A young Norwegian" wishes to say, that the statement that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they supposed were trees budding with fire, is not true. He adds: "Allow me to inform you that wild roses are growing in latitude 64° N. Southern Norway, at Bergen and Christiania for instance, abounds with all varieties of roses; oranges, grapes, etc., are cultivated there, and with success. Norwegians from the south of Norway are only frozen when they have made acquaintance with a New York winter."

THE BEAM OF DEVOTION.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I never could find a good reason
Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
And all the bright joys of life's season
Be driven unheeded away.
Our cares would wake no more emotion,
Were we to our lot but resigned,
Than pebbles thrown into the ocean,
That leave scarce a ripple behind.

The world has a spirit of beauty,
Which looks upon all for the best—
And, while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest;
That spirit's the beam of devotion,
Which lights us through life to its close,
And sets, like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than it rose.

A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it, else the hand would cut itself which sought to drive it home upon another. The worst lies, therefore, are those whose blade is false, but whose handle is true.

At Newburyport a pious wife entreated a dissipated husband to go to meeting with her. He replied that he would, if she would give him a pint of rum on his return. Knowing that he would have the rum whether she gave it to him or not, she agreed to his terms, and he went to the meeting. When they returned she procured the liquor for him, but he shoved it aside, saying he had found something better, and he now gives evidence of being a changed man.

In Louisiana, in one of the Parish Courts, his Honor Kiah Rodgers was presiding—old Kye, or "Ky," they usually call him. Old Ky was passing sentence on a criminal, and delivered himself as follows:

"Prisoner, stand up! Mr. Kettles, this Court is under the painful necessity of passing sentence of the law upon you, Sir. This Court has no doubt, Mr. Kettles, but what you were brought into this scrape by the use of intoxicating liquor. The friends of this Court all *knows* that ef thar is any vice this Court abhors, it is intemperance. When this Court was a young man, Mr. Kettles, it was considerably inclined to drink; and the friends of this Court *knows*, that this Court has *naterally* a very high temper, and if this Court had not stopped short off, and stopped the use of intoxicating liquor, I have no doubt, Sir, but what this Court, Sir, would have been in the Penitentiary *or in its grave!*"

"Why slave so," said Crœsus, "your lifetime for gold?
Contentment is better than wealth, I am told."
"Who asked you to meddle?" cried Quiz, in a pet,
"It ought to be better—it's *harder to get.*"

A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the First Lieutenant.

"Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where the devil did you come from?"

"An' sure, I came from the North of Ireland, yer honor."

Lola Montez says it is strange to see what pains men and women take to catch each other, and how very little pains they take to hold on to them.

"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in the pulpit—did you mean by that that you preached?"

"No, Sir; I held the light for the man who did preach."

"Ah, the Court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came directly from you."

"No, Sir, I only throw'd a little light on it."

"Why are there so few convicts in the Michigan Penitentiary this year?" asked Sam's friend a day or two since.

"Why," said Sam, "they send them by the Pontiac Railroad, and their time expires before they get there."

"Admitting yourself out of Court" is a legal phrase signifying a liberality of concession to your opponent by which you destroy your own cause. This excess of candor was well illustrated by the Irishman who boasted that he had often skated sixty miles a day. "Sixty miles!" exclaimed an auditor—"that is a great distance; it must have been accomplished when the days were longest." "To be sure it was; I admit that," said the ingenuous Hibernian.

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, Sir—he can't give an account of himself." "Of course not. How can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

Why is a dandy like a venison steak? Because he's a bit of a buck.

What is the best key for a Christmas box? A tur-*key*.

An old settler out West, who was elected Justice of the Peace, couldn't raise enough to pay an officer for swearing him in; so he stood up before a looking-glass and qualified himself.

Punch is merry over the threats of France, and jingles rhymes in Johnny Crapeau's face after this fashion:

"John Bull, in the right, most composedly brooks
The French Colonel's proposal for shooting or sabring him;
He cares not for Louis Napoleon's black looks,
And if the cracked *Univers* takes to belab'ring him,
He but shrugs his shoulders, and 'go it,' says he;
'It seems to please *you*, and it doesn't hurt *me!*'"

Mr. P.'s little daughter came running to her aunt one day, saying, "Aunt Kate, little Mattie has swallowed a button!" Seeing her terror, her aunt calmly replied, "Well, what good will that do her?" Said the child very seriously, "Not any good as I see, *unless she swallows a button hole!*"

"Messrs. Editors,—Permit me, through your columns, to bear testimony to a valuable medicine. My great aunt has been striving to reach heaven for twenty years. Having a cough, she finally fell into the hands of the 'retired clergyman' whose 'sands of life have nearly run out.' She purchased a bottle of his *Cannabis Indica*, from which she gained strength, judging from the violence of her cough. On taking the second bottle her strength so increased that she was able to cough all day and night without interruption. The third bottle landed her in heaven. Thus, in a brief space of time, the fond hopes and anticipations of more than a quarter of a century are realized for the sum of seven dollars twelve and a half cents."

Real or landed property is either held in fee or for an estate of freehold, or for a term of years. The fee or fee-simple includes all the interest in the land. A legal anecdote has been transmitted to us from a very early period, where a judge, who indulged himself in the euphonical phrases, "I'd have you to know," and "I'd have you to see," asked a learned sergeant why he had been absent when the Court required his presence. His excuse was that he had been turning the work of *Coke upon Littleton* into verse. The judge called for a sample, which the sergeant thus gravely delivered:

"A tenant in fee-simple is he
That need fear neither wind nor weather;
For I'd have you to know and to see,
'Tis to him and his heirs forever!"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, May* 3, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending May 1, 1858	$1,501,487....	$1,256,093
Corresponding week, 1857	4,790,774....	884,523
Decrease	$3,289,287	
Increase		$371,570

As will be perceived, the imports continue to fall off; private letters from Europe state that there never was a time when they had so few orders to fill from this side.

Money continues to abound; it is not likely that the Banks will show less than thirty-five millions this afternoon. Loans are freely made on good mercantile paper or stocks at 4 and 5 per cent. The specie movement of the week was as follows:

Received from California	$1,486,565
Received from Europe	165,000
	$1,651,565
Sent to Europe	136,873
Balance in favor of Banks...........	$1,514,792

Stocks, after a very dull week, brightened up on Saturday, and closed at an advance of about two per cent., with a very strong demand. The plethora of money seems to be driving the outside public into the stock market. The closing prices were, N. Y. Central, 90; Erie, 25½; Reading, 48½; Illinois Central, 93; Panama, 107½; Hudson, 31½; Michigan Southern, 27½; Galena, 90; Rock Island, 79½; Michigan Central, 63½.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, May* 3, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been freely supplied throughout the week with most kinds of Flour, and though the demand has been good, mainly for home use, prices closed in favor of buyers....Grain of all descriptions was also more abundant at reduced rates, yet purchasers did not operate with much spirit....Navigation was generally resumed on the State Canals on the 28th ult....Cotton opened pretty briskly, but it closed tamely, at an advance of about ¼ c. per pound....Pork has attracted less attention, and holders have been obliged to make some concessions....Lard was in good request at buoyant prices up to the close, when a reaction occurred leading to a decline....Beef was freely purchased at rising figures....Coffee, Teas, Sugars, and Rice were in fair request. Prices were firm for all save Sugars, which declined ⅛ @ ¼ c. per pound....Hay has been more inquired for at firmer rates....Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds ruled quiet....Hides and Leather attracted considerable attention at uniform quotations for desirable lots....Domestic Wool was in fair demand and was more firmly held....Domestic Tobacco was moderately dealt in at former prices....Desirable styles of Dry Goods continued to find ready buyers on satisfactory terms.

The Country Produce Markets continue rather quiet, with free receipts of new Vegetables, prices of which favor purchasers....Apples are quite scarce, and held higher....Eggs are coming in in very large quantities, and rule low, the demand being somewhat restricted.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel........................	$3 50	@	$4 50
Apples, dried, per pound...............	5½	@	7
Peaches, dried, per pound	20	@	21
Plums, dried, per pound...............	18	@	20
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 00
Potatoes, old, per barrel...............	1 00	@	3 25
" per bushel........................	65	@	80
" new, from Bermuda, per barrel .	6 50	@	—
" sweet, per barrel................	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, old, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
" new, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	—
Turnips, per barrel.....................	40	@	55
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	—
Carrots, per barrel......................	1 75	@	2 00
Leeks, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	3 00
Garlic, per 100	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches.............	4 00	@	5 00
Lettuce, per 100 bunches.............	4 50	@	10 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches...........	2 50	@	3 00
Spinach, per barrel.....................	1 00	@	1 25
Green Peas, per barrel	4 00	@	5 50
Tomatoes, per box......................	1 75	@	—
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	10	@	11
Chickens, per pair......................	60	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound........................	13	@	15
Fowls, per pair..........................	88	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Ducks, per pound	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound.....................	15	@	18
Geese, per pound........................	11	@	13
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	2 25

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